Ever Ready!—Flowing Steady!—The "John Bull" Pen. Coupon on Page 18.

JOHN BULL

VOL. XXII. No. 593. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1917. ONE PENNY.

(Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.)

1761285

For meaning of this number see p. iii of cover.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

By Appointment to H.M. The King.

The Proprietors of

NESTLÉ'S MILK

beg to inform the public that in spite of the heavy increased prices of fresh milk from October 1, they have decided to make *no increase in trade prices* so long as the cost of stocks in hand and in course of production permit them to maintain the present

CASH PRICE OF PER 1/- TIN

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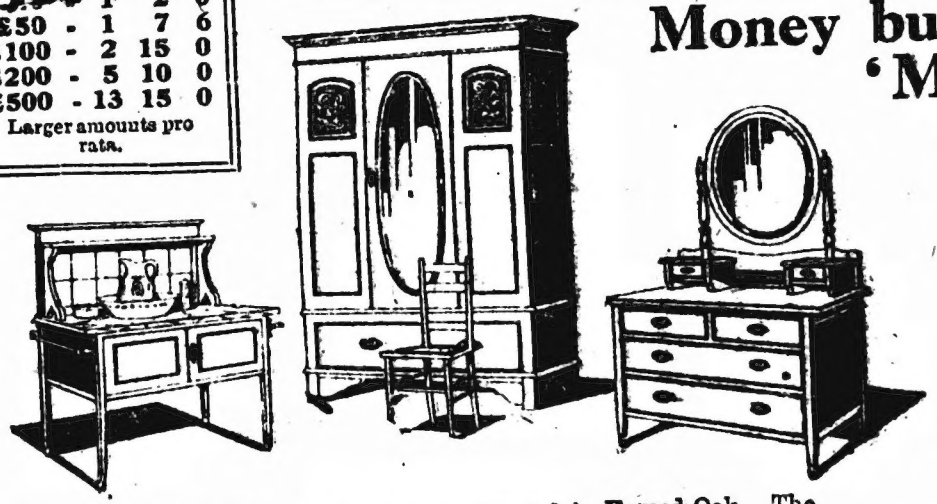

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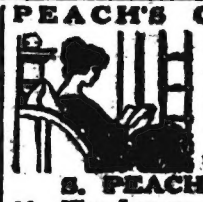

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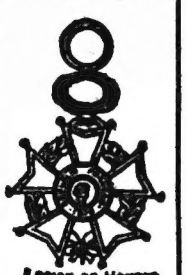

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JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XXII. No. 593. Week ending Saturday, October 13th, 1917. One Penny.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER*."

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

"Soon."

So we are going to give Germany "Hell"—*soon*, says the Prime Minister. And we are to tighten the blockade—*soon*, says Lord Robert Cecil. And Christmas is also coming—soon!

Name!

"Who was the idiot," asks the *Financial Mail*, "who invented the stupid phrase about Horatio being the 'idol of the British Army'?" We believe his name was Haig.

Ireland.

The scenes at the funeral of that Sinn Feiner bode no good for the future. We have no hopes of the Convention.

A Broad-minded Parson—

The Rev. E. Olivey, Vicar of St. Merryn, Padstow, read our recent article, "Somewhere in—Hell," instead of preaching a sermon. It was a great honour to us; and we are happy to gather from the local press that the congregation were much cheered by our words.

And a Narrow-minded One.

The Rev. F. Y. Leggatt, of Manchester, calls upon "Mr. Bottomley and the rest of that gang of false prophets who have risen up to criticise the Church," to say what they would put in its place. It isn't so much "the Church" as the preachers in it that *we* criticise.

Messopotamia.

We are making a list of M.P.s who have pledged themselves to insist upon that Inquiry. In the meantime, whatever the success of our arms, the men are still enduring great tortures—travelling twenty deep in cattle waggons, with their equipment and baggage—and in record heat.

Why Not Try?

The *New Age* says that "people like Mr. Bottomley" trade upon the desire of the public to be told things "they wish to hear." Why doesn't our esteemed contemporary try the experiment?

Winston's Disappointments.

At the Aldwych Club the other day Mr. Churchill said that twice in his life he had seen a big prize dashed to the ground just when it appeared within reach. He was thinking of Spion Kop and the Dardanelles, he added. We wonder!

Reincarnation.

The Germans say that the fat obtained from their corpse factories is given to the pigs. A clear case of reincarnation!

More Yapp.

"Sir Arthur Yapp is having a strenuous time," we read—one of his engagements being "a visit to Exeter as Archbishop's Messenger." We thought he was Lord Rhondda's messenger!

Huns.

Mr. Percy Harrison, an esteemed citizen of Birmingham, protests against the Germans being called Huns. But it was the Kaiser himself who "gave them that name"—when he told his troops to "emulate the methods of Attila, and spare neither man, woman nor child."

Germhuns.

Exception is also taken to the nickname we have given them of Germhuns. Why not "Aust-huns?" asks Mr. Harrison. Well, what about Austrihuns?

"Blessed Are the Poor"!

The Rev. Sir Vyell Donnithorne Vyvyan, Bart., has died, leaving £213,997 behind him. And fancy the commotion when he is presented to Peter—"The Rev. Sir Vyell Donnithorne Vyvyan, Bart."!

Mem. for "B. L."

What does Mr. Bonar Law think of this axiom of Montesquieu's: "I have ever held it a maxim never to do that through another which it was possible for me to execute myself"?

A Lovely War!

In a case before the Courts the other day it was stated that the defendant, a young man, was earning £18 a week at munitions. We'll wager that *he's* no pacifist!

Abusing "Dora."

The right to censor our letters was given the Government solely for war purposes. It is, however, being abused in all kinds of directions—correspondence relating to Premium Bonds being seized on the ground that it contravenes the Lottery Acts; whilst letters about betting are stopped—lest they should be secret code cyphers!

Thanks!

As we have previously quoted unkind words from *The Nation*, let us hasten to acknowledge, with deep blushes, this little compliment: "In one or two points it is possible that Mr. Bottomley's paper has obtained some actual improvement in the soldier's life, and for that we all owe him gratitude." But our dear brother might quite safely have substituted "probable" for "possible."

More Air Raids coming! Be sure to sign our Free War Insurance Coupon on page iii of Cover.

Infamous Insult.

A society called the Christian Temperance League is distributing broadcast a leaflet entitled "A Few Facts." One of the facts alleged is that the rum ration served out to soldiers at the Front "makes them shoot badly and inclines them to sit still or even go back." Instead of being a fact, this is an infamous lie.

Honesty's Reward.

A millworker, of Seddleworth, picked up a wallet laden with treasure—Treasury notes for £175. The good woman went to much trouble to ascertain the owner, spent 2s. 4d. in railway fares and lost half-a-day's work in calling on him, handed over the money—and received one solid silver half-crown as the rich reward of her shining honesty. It is a fine thing to have an opportunity of encouraging virtue.

The Pill-Boxes.

Everybody has heard of the concrete block-houses, built by Fritz for defensive purposes, and called pill-boxes by our men. Thousands of tons of cement have been leaving this country for Rotterdam; a man with 35 years' experience of the river says he has never seen anything like it before. So it seems as though Holland's affection for cement has been sudden. We hope there is "no connection."

Judas and Germhuns.

Judas out for his ten pieces is evidently helping Germhuns, officers and men, to escape from British camps. The officers got away from Sutton Bonnington in civilian clothes, though none of the civilian clothes belonging to the camp are missing. "The arrival at the camp on Monday of 300 parcels of food offers an explanation of the quantities of provisions which were found on those recaptured," suggests a reporter. Very likely, but you can't hide a suit of clothes in a bottle of wine or a jar of pickles.

Their Joy Ride.

By the way, some of the escaped Hun prisoners, when recaptured, were sent back to the camp from the Shire Hall, Nottingham, and they returned in a nice, comfortable char-à-banc. Our men in Germany have to march from camp to camp at the point of the bayonet, and heaven help a stumbler! Those runaway Huns should also have footed it back, and, if some of the returned men could be put to look after them, there would, we feel convinced, not be many escapes.

Saleeby Silenced.

So young Dr. Saleeby didn't turn up at the Peebles Prohibition meeting after all. Though announced in the advertisements, it seems that Lord Rhondda kept him in his dug-out at the Food Control. "Dr. Saleeby," complained the Rev. George Burnett, of Glasgow, appearing in his place, had been "expressly instructed by Lord Rhondda not to enter into criticism of the Government's attitude towards the liquor traffic, and this great man felt himself muzzled." Still, Dr. Saleeby has his consolations. It is more comfy being muzzled at the pump than fighting in the trenches.

An Anonymous Libeller.

Sailormen and airmen combined to give a concert in Kirkwall. Here are some extracts from a letter written by a Kirkwall man ashamed of his own name: "We were a quiet and pious community until invasion by men of the Fleet and Air Service was thrust upon us. . . . Performances which are a replica of those given nightly in the debauched music halls of London. . . . An inebriated and vulgar person such as was depicted. . . The sleek manner (etc.) of the manager can only have a detrimental effect on our daughters. . . . Degrading show . . should never have been allowed." The canting, snuffling humbug who penned these scurrilities concerning our devoted sons and brothers deserves tarring,

Quarter-Pints.

Now that milk is "up," the question occurs why one must buy it by the quart, pint, or half-pint. It would be a matter of convenience and saving to many poor folk if the milkman or milkgirl, coming to the door, smilingly measured out a quarter-pint on request.

Drought for Soldiers.

Soldiers will be interested in the opinion of the Rev. J. E. Roberts, of Manchester. "Public-houses," he says, "should be out of bounds to soldiers; no publican should be allowed to sell drink to a man in khaki." Poor man in khaki! How very thirsty he would be if he were as thirsty as Mr. Roberts would like to keep him.

Verboten.

Bradford, notoriously, loves and nurses Germhuns as it loves and nurses wool and "wusted." And this is the notice exhibited in a Market Street *café* holding a wine and spirit licence: "We have received instructions from the police that wounded soldiers may not be served with food on licensed premises." In other words, they mustn't eat a sandwich for fear they will smell a drink.

The Spirit of Britain.

He had been a stable-helper. He became a light-cavalryman, one of the Immortal Contemptibles. Wounded, crocked, smashed-up, he was lying in hospital when visited by a man who had known him in old days, and who asked him what, after all his rough time, was the thing that impressed him most. And the little chap, broken but undaunted, said in all seriousness: "Well, sir, I can't understand how they can be such—— fools as to take *us* on!" Sublimity and simplicity in a few words.

Torpedoed.

Numbers of shipmasters are out of command through being torpedoed. Some of them are trying to live on their scanty savings; some have sold up their homes. But neither shipowner nor Government stretches a hand to their assistance. Yet these are the men upon whom our existence has depended—and does still depend. Their sufferings and their unfathomable anxieties are seemingly to count as nought. The owners are rolling in wealth; the torpedoed masters are between Devil and deep sea.

Haldane of Earlsfield.

All sorts of queer things happen in air-raids; one of the queerest, perhaps, in Earlsfield. "Anyone who may be near the Mission Church, during an air-raid," says the Rev. J. B. Haldane, Vicar of St. John the Divine, "is invited to take shelter in our concrete dug-out. It will hold a large number of people. Admission 6d. Early doors, 1s." St. John the Divine, we are certain, would never have stood at the door of a dug-out collecting cash for admission during air-raids. St. Matthew might at one time, for he sat at the receipt of custom; but that was long before he joined the rev. gentleman's communion.

Money for Enemies.

In Manchester is a Special War Distress Committee. To relieve the distress of Britons? Oh, no. To relieve Germans and Austrians—Turks and Bulgars, too, for aught we know. The Chairman is a gentleman named Zimmern, and he appeals in the *Manchester Guardian* for more money. That journal heads the appeal, "Distressed Foreigners"; to tell the truth and say "Distressed Enemies" would be too frank. Zimmern claims that his Committee has been supported by the Local Government Board and by the King Edward VII. British-German Foundation, but he wants more money still. Somehow, we prefer our ain folk.

In a Finchley Flat or a Flanders Fen, there's work to be done with a "John Bull" Pen. See Coupon p. 18.

Go to Bath.

If the Bath Education Authority throw the public money about as they are doing at present, all the school caretakers extant will make a rush for the city. Thus Mr. F. D. Wardle, Town Clerk, in a local paper: "Caretaker (Man) required for Kingsmead Council School; £55 per annum (£55 15s. during the war)." On whatever else the successful applicant spends his war bonus of 3½d. a week, let us earnestly beseech him not to make a beast of himself with whisky.

The Officers.

There is a journal called *The Statist;* it has just stated something deplorably untrue. In the Army, it says, "there is not that initiative amongst our officers which we would like to see. . . . We should like to see a little more of the spirit of dash and go." That is not what the soldier thinks of his officers; in fact, boys in the trenches who have read the words are up in arms against them. They know their officers; *The Statist* is lamentably ignorant concerning them.

Philanthropy.

Without a doubt the brewers are fattening up out of this war. The latest firm to reveal their state of health is William Stones, Limited. They have done so well that, while the public are paying, as a Sheffield working man puts it to us, "6d. and 7d. a pint for so-called beer"—it must be cheap when it comes "frae" Sheffield!—Messrs. Stones can afford to distribute among their shareholders £50,000 worth of fully-paid new shares free of charge. Even the pumpuritans are not doing so well out of the water tap.

"Gott Mit Uns"

"These cards," writes the mother of a child at Southfields, "were given to my little girl in St. Michael's Sunday School." "Love Your Enemies. Printed in Germhuny," exhorts one. "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path. Printed in Germhuny," alleges the other. And all the time the Germhuns who printed those cards for foolish Sunday School teachers to distribute to English children as rewards of good conduct, are probably engaged in every brutality and inhumanity against women and children known to the Germhun soldier.

The Cadis of Caversham.

Three naughty Woodcote boys ran off with the whip from a "binder" when the farmer wasn't looking, and broke it. For this the policeman hauled them up before R. F. Duff, Esq. (in the chair), Admiral Sir Francis Powell, the Rev. R. Hart-Davis, A. Telford Simpson and C. H. Palmer, Esqrs., at Caversham. Having put their long ears together, the Chairman announced that "the boy who was the instigator would be fined 25s., the second boy 15s., and the little boy 10s.," a punishment of the parents out of all proportion to the crime. As one of them wasn't able to pay, the offspring took the birch, and we should also like to catch the Magistrates bending.

Special "Specials."

The amateur policemen whom the exigencies of the war have brought into our midst have more than justified their existence. They have proved themselves special "Specials." They have been much tried under these latter days of Germhun moon, and have not been found wanting. Their work at the Tubes and the dug-outs, in queueing crowds, in carrying "Take Cover" and "All Clear" messages through the streets, their kindness to women and children, even the poorest—all this is a service which, if there is any gratitude in Londoners, will not be forgotten. The "Special," it may be, has not the voice of a foghorn or the strength of a Samson, but he does his bit after business, like the gentleman he is. Here's to him, therefore, and so say all of us!

Something for Nothing.

The last series of night air-raids resulted in damage being sustained, either in person or to property, by over a hundred readers registered under our Free War Insurance scheme. Our staff is hard at work visiting the sufferers with financial relief, and by the time these lines are read the great majority will have been paid.

War Economy.

The question is asked us "whether it is absolutely necessary that the bedridden patients in the West Ham Sick Home should be deprived of their eggs, sugar, and margarine," in order to win the war. Certainly not; not as long as there are sufficient eggs, sugar, and milk in the country to enable the Guardians themselves to partake thereof.

Cast Army Horses.

An advertisement in a Calais newspaper suggests that the traffic in horses cast out of the British Army has not ceased. It announces a public auction of 50 at Barlin, near Bethune. "Buyers," it is stipulated, "should produce a farmer's or breeder's certificate." Can Mr. Lloyd George still repeat his assurance that these horses are not falling into the hands of brutal taskmasters?

"There was a Jolly Miller."

Aged 20 years, A. W. Miller was granted exemption till the end of this year by the Middlesex Tribunal. Some of the grounds for this favour appear to be these: His name had not always been Miller; his father was a German, and he did not know whether papa had been naturalised or not, and—he was doing "valuable work" at the Ministry of Blockade. Mr. Nield, M.P., said "there was nothing wrong." We suggest there was nothing right.

The Vicar and Reprisals.

With a courtesy which we appreciate, the Rev. C. T. B. McNulty, Vicar of Holy Trinity, Leamington, takes exception to our recent interpretation of his letter in the Parish Magazine on the subject of reprisals. If we have misrepresented his views—in his more express statement to us he says, "You will see that my argument is that we *ought* to bomb the Germhun towns as a necessity of war, and it is foolish to *call* it reprisals"—as no doubt we have, that is our regret. After all, we are nearer to our rev. friend than we thought.

"Plays Many Parts."

At Grantham there is a young man who occupies these positions, and perhaps others: Relieving Officer, School Attendance Officer, Probation Officer, Secretary to Branch of Sailors' and Soldiers' Families Association; he is a journalist, auctioneer's clerk, and sidesman at church. Also he seems to have secured the Sugar Controlling job. Apart from the matter of his age and indispensability, we think his hours of life are too crowded. When soldiers' wives call at his office for help or advice, he must be often absent—relieving, or journalising, or sugaring.

Volunteers' First Route.

Essex Volunteers paraded at West Ham, one recent Saturday, at 4 p.m. They marched, carrying about 80 lbs. to Havering-atte-Bower, arriving at 10 p.m. They were made to sleep on the open ground, with neither waterproof sheet nor blanket. Tradesmen who could not parade so early, because Saturday is a stiff day of work, started at 10 at night on their march of ten to fifteen miles. About forty dropped by the roadside. In the early morn, the sleepers on the open meadow land, with no covering except a white mist, heard the officers singing, "For he's a jolly good fellow." They were comfy in the farmhouse. Men who are "ordered to join the Volunteers" are not ordered to risk health and life in that unnecessary way.

Next week's "Bullets" First Prize £500, and many other valuable Prizes.

WE MUST GIVE THEM HELL—NOW!

REAL REPRISALS—NO HALF MEASURES.

By Charles Palmer.

So we are really to have reprisals at last. Oh, the irony and mockery of it. Reprisals because the Government think that by bombing and killing German non-combatants it will help to win the war? Not at all. Reprisals because Ministers are afraid for themselves. They know the blood of the nation is up. Some of them were in a certain bombed district of London the other day and heard the cries of anger and execration—at the Hun? Oh dear no; at the men who have dallied and delayed, who have refused to carry this ruthless bitter fighting over enemy towns. A weak Government means the risk of mob law, and it is that kind of law which drove the Asquith Government to a pretence of a policy over enemy internment, and it is the same force which has called forth these almost frenzied assurances that—at last, in the fourth year of war—we are to be allowed to give Germany "Hell" from the air. Well, the nation's fight for reprisals is won. Or so I like to think—but be on guard. Some promises have a way where Governments are concerned of breaking like pie-crust when it is believed that public opinion has quietened down. That is why I give the warning—be on guard!

In October, 1915.

Remember that some of us have fought for reprisals since first we had the dastardly Zeppelin raids. And we were thwarted at every turn by His Majesty's Ministers. I recall that meeting I organised at the Cannon Street Hotel in October, 1915. It had the great advertisement of a destructive raid the night before, when the Strand was attacked, and the Lyceum Theatre hit. Public indignation was at fever point, and the meeting, composed mainly of City men, and of women well past middle age, showed a degree of anger which was positively alarming. The City's demand for reprisals was endorsed at Croydon a few days later. But by that time the Government were really nervous—they feared that they might actually be forced to a policy of reprisals, and that for every dead mother and battered babe claimed by the Hun, a German *frau* and her child would have to come into the reckoning. That was too terrible a thing to contemplate. And so through the Press Bureau they suppressed the reports of the Croydon meeting. Croydon had been attacked, precious lives had been lost. Croydon might bleed and suffer, but if the Government could manage it, Croydon should be gagged.

Bunkum from the Front Bench.

Well, we had a debate in Parliament after those raids of October, 1915, and the usual political moonshine was talked—the customary departmental prevarication was indulged in. Perhaps you don't remember the impudent argument of Sir J. Simon that, as the men in the trenches were taking greater risks, the people at home had no right to complain—no right, mark you, when the aged and the babes were done to death. Why, it is the men at the Front who complain most; and their complaint is that, while they are fighting for their homes, those homes and the loved ones in them suffer risks they should not be called upon to incur. To the vinegar of the Home Secretary, Mr. Balfour applied the oil of fatuous prediction: "Although I cannot promise immunity from aerial attack on London," said the languorous First Lord of the Admiralty, "I can promise that everything is being done to develop and organise such defence as is possible. I look forward to the future with perfect serenity as far as the country is concerned. So far as the sufferings of individuals are concerned, I really hope that the efforts of the Admiralty *may lead to a great diminution of any danger that may be anticipated.*" Note those words I have had printed in italics, and then take the official figures (and they are not always the full figures) of the first nine months of this year. They give a total of 191 persons killed and 749 wounded by air-raids. Why, these recent moonlight raids have claimed over 300 victims, including 52 killed—and that in five days. So much for "a great diminution of any danger that may be anticipated."

Only Hope for Civilisation.

No; when I think of the two years' fight to screw up successive Governments to a policy of reprisals, I am not disposed to clap hands and shout "Hurrah!" I would rather "Wait and See"; and waiting implies watching—and the seeing involves a determination to keep the Cabinet to their word. They have no "settled convictions" on the subject. The cant of a false Christianity and the mock morals of certain publicists have in the past had more weight than the deliberate opinion of the People. You remember the Archbishop's howl when those Reprisal meetings were being held, and we had all that humbug of heroics which we shall hear again. The Cocoa press was just as bad. "Clearly," said the *Daily News* two years ago, "there is no stopping 'war in the air' now, but unless the world is really to 'reel back into barbarism' in the future, air war must take a new form. The only hope for the future of civilisation lies not in reprisals, but in the final exorcism of the spirit which can even imagine a justification of them." Was there ever such rot? The only hope for the future of civilisation is to smash the sanguinary Hun. Bombing towns, killing without regard to age and sex, that is the enemy way. It must be our way if we are to strike terror into their hearts and force them to keep their death-dealing aeroplanes at home to defend their own women and children, instead of sending them over here to spill the blood of our innocents. No more of the "darkness and composure" of the *Westminster Gazette* for the British people. We shall be all the more composed in the darkness of cellar and Tube if we know that the brute nation has, in the airman's phrase, "got the wind up," and death and destruction from above are raining upon German towns.

See We are Not Deceived.

It is a humiliating thought, I repeat, that we should have been compelled to wait until panic, and not judgment, has forced the Government to action. To find General Sir Francis Lloyd rushing to one place and a Cabinet Minister to another—to allay what? public fear? no, public indignation at the continued inaction of the authorities—is to realise the extent of national feeling. General Smuts was saying what no other member of the Cabinet had the courage to say when he admitted that "a very bitter temper is growing up in this country which the Government will have to reckon with seriously in settling our air policy." That is a confession, humiliating if you like, but true. And the national air policy is reprisals, the kind of reprisals the French understand. Our Allies are doing the right thing. But I don't like one phrase of General Smuts: "We shall do our best to avoid abominations, and in our air offensive we shall use every endeavour to spare as far as possible the innocent and the defenceless." Why? Have ours been spared in the deliberate attempt of the Hun to break our nerve and destroy our *moral*? Then, in the name of vengeance and of victory, spare none of them!

Candid Communications.

This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and, occasionally, Nonentities.

To the Right Hon. the Earl of Derby, K.G.

Dear War Secretary,—The air is thick with complaints in regard to the cheap and shoddy clothing served out to discharged soldiers who have "done their bit" in the service of the nation. Apparently you have proceeded on the principle that "any old thing will do," and the result in many instances has been too disgusting for words. Surely a man who lays down the suit of khaki—which he has worn with honour, and often with distinction—has a right to be re-clothed in something better than the shabby and ill-fitting "reach-me-downs" lately in evidence. That a man who has fought like a hero should be sent back to civilian life clad like a tramp is a scandal which the public will not readily condone.

John Bull.

To the Right Hon. Lord Rhondda, P.C., Food Controller.

Dear Lord Rhondda,—I want you to keep a sharp eye on the London milkmen. Already, as you will have noticed, there is a pretty scheme afoot for the establishment of a huge milk combine, with a capital of £4,000,000; and I am bound to say that I rather mistrust the pious motives that are said to have inspired this ambitious project. On the whole, the question of the public milk supply during the winter months seems to demand closer attention at the hands of your Department than it has yet received, and any new departure affecting the interests of consumers should be scrutinised with the greatest care. I am, therefore, glad to hear that the statement that you had "acquiesced" in the formation of the combine is incorrect. Please watch it.

John Bull.

To the Rev. William H. Phillips, Rector of Elvington, York.

Dear Rector,—As one who has given much thought and consideration to the deeper meaning of the war, I am naturally interested in your speculations upon the same absorbing theme, and especially in your recent suggestion that "the nation is being chastened for its sins, not the least of which was the passing of the Welsh Church Bill." In short, you contend that the Disestablishment of the Anglican Church in Wales was an affront to Omnipotence, for which we are now suffering the penalty in blood and tears. I am bound to confess that this bright idea had not previously occurred to me. Where *should* we be without the clergy?

John Bull.

To Max Pemberton, Esq.

Dear Max,—I am loth to criticise a brother journalist, but in your recent article "War-Wrecks And How They Salve Them"—not exactly a sympathetic title—there are several phrases that would have been far better left out. "Shell-shock," you tell us, "is one of the most painful of all diseases to deal with, and it is not less so because in a small percentage of cases it is the result of cowardice." I know what I am saying, when I tell you that this harsh phrase, and that other unfortunate reference to "syphilis and alcohol," has severely wounded the feelings of men who, God knows, have deserved kindness at our hands. In their troubles and resentments, these good fellows have a habit of turning to me, and—well, I pass the protest on.

John Bull.

To Princess Lowenstein-Wertheim.

Madam,—Accept my congratulations. If you had not been a lady, the widow of a German prince, and with what we call "high English family connections," you would have received six months instead of being fined £50 for that little attempt of yours in Manchester to masquerade under a false name and address after, as a German subject, breaking the law by travelling more than five miles from your registered address in aristocratic Upper Belgrave Street. What gave added suspiciousness to your conduct was your attempt to buy an aeroplane of 200 h.p. to carry four passengers, capable—according to the expert evidence—of flying across the North Sea, and your refusal to disclose your name. I notice that you entered the Court by way of the Magistrates' staircase. If I had had anything to do with the case, you would have left it *via* the steps to the cells.

John Bull.

To the Right Hon. Lord Robert Cecil, K.C., M.P., Minister of Blockade.

Dear Lord Robert,—Apparently you have been taking a few lessons from Washington in regard to the business of blockade. At any rate, it has at length been determined to prohibit, with certain trifling exceptions, the export of goods from this country to Sweden and Norway, as well as to Denmark and Holland—a common-sense measure of precaution which ought to have been taken about thirty months ago. However, I am trying to believe that you are at last waking up to the requirements of the situation. Am I too optimistic?

John Bull.

To Commander Paget, Aircraft Observation and Warning Department.

Dear Commander,—Have you heard that there is much dissatisfaction in the Warning Room of your Department in regard to the recent appointment, as Controller, of a gentleman whose name wasn't always what it now is, and who, it is said, remains anything but calm during air-raids? You haven't? Well, *I* have.

John Bull.

To Councillor R. J. Davies, Manchester.

Sir,—Only arrogance or ignorance could have induced you to play the unpatriotic part when, in addressing a Conference of Co-operative employees, you advised the workers to disregard the national call to economy, to get as much wages as they can and work as short hours as possible. And this, too, at a time when the country requires the utmost exertion of every loyal worker. Your sneer at "the King and his wife" may be ignored as vulgar bad taste. If you were in Germany you would have been laid by the heels for your silly insult. If you can't claim sense, at least learn good manners. I'm ashamed of you.

John Bull.

To His Worship the Mayor of Lowestoft.

Dear Your Worship,—I see that, contrary to your own vote and sentiments, the Lowestoft Town Council have refused to permit Sunday concerts and Sunday cinemas. No doubt every town, like every nation, gets the government it deserves, but certainly it is to me a revelation that the municipal affairs of your borough are in the hands of bigots, sanctimonians, canters and Pharisees—who, I suppose, lock up their own pianos on Sundays for all music except hymns, and seek no joy except in prayer without ceasing and humbug without end. The pietistic bunkum of it all makes one feel sick.

John Bull.

To Dr. Mir Anwarrudin, 21, Doughty Street, London, W.C.

Dear Doctor,—You seem to be of that interfering kind that must poke its nose into anything and everything. The other day you were in the Rotunda Court of the Regent Palace Hotel with another Indian, and with your prying eye thought you saw a Corporal in the A.S.C. treating his mother to a liqueur. And you actually notified the police. But the evidence proved your statement to be false, and the summonses issued on your allegations were dismissed. It was stated in evidence that this was the second set of proceedings you had taken against a restaurant, and that the "Corner House" had been barred to you because you "moved about from table to table at which ladies were seated." What's your game?

John Bull.

To G. H. Pope, Esq., Chairman, Bullingdon (Oxford) Petty Sessions.

Sir,—When you had before you that old man, William Tanner, charged with stealing some apples in the grounds of Headington Union Workhouse, you missed a real opportunity to temper justice with consideration. Learman, the Workhouse Master, it is true, was in no mood for sentiment—and while being forced to put the worth of the apples at "about 3d.," had the impudence to tell you that it was "not a question of value, but of discipline." And *you*, adopting that hard and heartless view, sentenced the old fellow to a week's hard labour. Whither has Mercy fled?

John Bull.

ONLY A "COMMON SOLDIER"!

BELFAST VOLUNTEER'S CALLOUS TREATMENT AND DEATH.

"I'll go with a good heart, but as true as there is a God in Heaven, I am ill and they won't believe me." In those words, uttered by Lance-Corporal Richard Quinn, 14th Batt. of the Royal Irish Rifles, there is concentrated agony and shame. This unhappy man—in spite of the fact that he was dying; that he protested he was ill; that he lay moaning and groaning first at Belfast Military Hospital and later at the station on the way to being transferred to Londonderry Military Hospital—was treated with a callous inhumanity against which every living soul with any bowels of compassion will protest in white anger. They would not believe him—and he died in the train. There has been an inquest on the poor creature's body, and the jury, in returning a verdict "in accordance with the medical testimony"—what irony in that phrase!—were "unanimously of opinion that Quinn, before he left Belfast, did not get the treatment to which he was entitled"—just that and nothing more. But, thank God, there are others who are not content to allow a man to be killed by callousness and done to death by sheer wantonness. Quinn, before he joined the King's Army to fight his country's foes, was an employee of the Belfast Corporation. And the Corporation has demanded a sworn inquiry. In order that the public may be able to appreciate what happened and to follow the course of future events, we will tell the story of poor Quinn as revealed at the inquest, supplemented by facts within our own knowledge—facts into which it will be well for the Military Court to make very close investigation. First of all, Quinn—one of a party of sixteen—was sitting on a chair waiting to be taken from the barracks to the train. The poor fellow was moaning and groaning, as if in great pain. One of the doctors at the hospital, who, it appears, had certified him as fit to travel, saw him thus, and instead of expressing some sympathy was heard to declare in those tones the soldier knows so well that the suffering man was "putting it on," and threatened him with what Tommy calls "the clink," if he had any more of it. That being the doctor's attitude, poor Quinn was bundled off in an ambulance to the railway station to catch the 3.30 train. They just missed it, and this unhappy creature, in excrutiating pain, was expected to wait—and did wait—on the station for the next train, two hours and ten minutes later. Kindly hands helped Quinn into the buffet, a great coat was put under him, and as the man was still moaning the Transport Officer was called. He at once realised the situation and telephoned through to the hospital for an ambulance. *This was not sent.* The doctors at the hospital had certified him as fit to travel, and travel he should. And when Quinn heard this decision, which proved his death sentence, he spoke those heart-rending words, "As true as there is a God in Heaven, I am ill, and they won't believe me." So Quinn, like a soldier, obeyed orders, and he lay there until 5.40, when he walked to the train. Before the train reached Antrim, Quinn's agonies had provoked vomiting; by the time it arrived at Ballymena, Quinn was apparently dead. And three doctors had certified him fit to travel! Poor Quinn! The body was taken from the train and placed in the waiting-room about 7 o'clock. A doctor was sent for, but no one came. You see, Quinn was only a "common soldier"—and about 10 o'clock the remains were taken on a two-wheeled cart to Waveney Hospital. That is the short and distressing story of the end of a brave Ulster volunteer, who gave up his job as a tram conductor to serve his country and was neglected unto death. Now someone must suffer for this. We have had enough of inquiries which lead to nothing, and of condemnations which hurt no one. Quinn might have been alive to-day, if he had been humanely treated. We trust close investigation will be made into our statement that Quinn was threatened with punishment, and under that threat was forced to "carry on" until death took him off. The neglect to provide the ambulance for a sick, and as it turned out dying, man also needs close investigation—in a word, the whole business is shameful to a degree. Watch that sworn inquiry!

THE AERIAL ASSASSINS.

WHAT WAS WRONG AT THE CHATHAM NAVAL BARRACKS?

We should welcome some assurance from the Admiralty that adequate investigation has been made into the circumstances surrounding the recent air attack upon the Royal Naval Barracks at Chatham. There is reason to believe that in anticipation of such a catastrophe, an excellent scheme of warning of the approach of hostile aircraft had been worked out, but, unfortunately, these arrangements seem to have suffered a bad break-down, which may have contributed in no small degree to swell the roll of casualties. Our information suggests that on the arrival of the enemy machines the barrack buildings were quite brilliantly lighted, a circumstance which may go far to explain the deadly accuracy of the bombers. Unfortunately, the naval authorities appear to have had no very strong presentiment of attack from the air, the internal arrangements at the barracks leaving a good deal to be desired from the standpoint of safety. In one part of the building, a number of men are said to have been sleeping under a glass roof which brilliantly reflected the light of the moon, their cruel plight as the bombs began to rain upon the flimsy structure being only too readily imagined. In several other directions an equally disastrous want of forethought seems to have been displayed, the whole circumstances demanding searching investigation in justice to particular officers, whose attention to duty has been questioned, as well as in the interests of future safety. The tragic fate of the Chatham victims has deeply stirred the public mind, and it is of the first importance that immediate steps should be taken to fix responsibility for the disaster and to minimise future risks. In other directions, too, greater vigilance must be exercised after the war. We have actually had sent to us a set of postcards, bearing views of these important barracks—"printed in Germany"! This proves what fools the authorities have been in the past. Let them now show the beginning, at least, of wisdom.

FETCH THE COMB!

THE TRUTH ABOUT THOSE EXEMPTED "MONKS."

In a recent paragraph entitled "Monastic Funk Holes" we seem quite unintentionally to have given offence to some Roman Catholic readers, and it may therefore not be amiss to re-state the position with a view to a clearer understanding. In France, as most people are aware, many priests of the Roman Catholic Church have loyally accepted military service, it being estimated not long ago that there were 20,000 of these devoted ministers in the ranks of the French Army. In the United Kingdom, however, recognised ministers of religion are exempt from the operation of the Military Service Acts. Whatever may be thought of this arrangement, we can hardly be expected to view with favour the extension of the immunity to any young man who, for a shorter or longer period, may choose to take up residence at a monastic institution. That we are not alone in this attitude is evidenced by the fact, already noticed in this connection, that the Advisory Committee of the Coalville, Leicestershire, Tribunal went on strike as a protest against the action of the War Office in allowing exemption to six residents at the local monastery of Mount St. Bernard. In this case—as at St. Mary's Hall, Manchester, and St. Cuthbert's Novitiate, Liverpool, to cite our former examples—the exempted men are not priests, nor do they seem to have taken upon themselves any serious religious vocation. It does not appear, either, as some of our correspondents would have us believe, that the "novices" are solely or chiefly engaged in the care of the sick poor. At the Mount St. Bernard institution one of the exempted men acts as general factotum to the regular clergy, several others as choristers, while one officiates as gardener and another as cook. That young and healthy men, engaged in these secular pursuits, should be allowed to escape military service on the plea of a religious vocation is an abuse which honest patriots of their own faith will be among the first to condemn. We await the next move.

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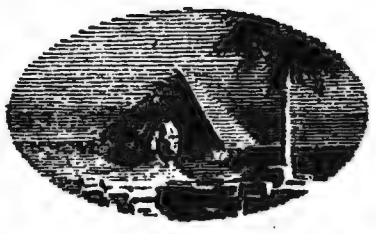

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P 171

See "John Bull's" Advertisement Guarantee on page 1.

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SLIGHTING A V.C.

GLORY, A GOLD WATCH, AND GUARDIANS.

Silecroft is a little place, but it has produced a great man. Sergeant Mayson, who worked on a farm, has won the Victoria Cross. Silecroft wants to present Mayson with a testimonial, such as a gold watch—any balance over to be invested in War Loan for the hero's benefit Being only a small village, Silecroft folk decided to extend their appeal for subscriptions to all the parishes in the Bootle (Cumberland) Union. It duly came before the Bootle Board of Guardians, with the modest suggestion that some of the gentlemen should take collecting cards. But not they; they are not built that way. Lieut.-Col. Lowthorpe-Lutwidge, who should have known better, proposed that the letter lie on the table; that is to say, to ignore it. Mayson has been out there since 1914, has been through "Hell," is only 22, has won the highest honour Britain can bestow—but Bootle Guardians turned down the appeal of his friends, and, by voting, ordered it to lie on the table, as suggested by the gallant Colonel. Most of the Councillors considered it "only a private affair"; if they took it up it would become a public one. Therefore they let it alone. One person, named Watt, had the ghastly impertinence to remark that he "questioned the advisability of a gold watch for a farm servant." Such oafs as Watt miss the whole point. It is no gold watch for a farm servant; it is a gold watch for a V.C. hero. Is it too much for him and his valour? Bootle Guardians have every cause to be ashamed of themselves, and we trust that the public indignation will cause them to sit uncomfortably at that table on which lies the letter concerning Sergeant Mayson, V.C. Silecroft will arrange its testimonial without their aid, and it is to be hoped that Mayson, still fighting at the Front, may never find his feelings jarred or his spirit hurt by reading the paltry speeches of the nincompoops of Bootle.

NIGGARDLY COMPENSATION.

ECHOES OF THE SILVERTOWN EXPLOSION.

For some reason or other Government agents seem incapable of giving the public a square deal in respect of compensation for war-time damage. Not long ago, we addressed a "Candid Communication" to the Mayor of Great Yarmouth in regard to the grievances of East Coast property owners under the Aircraft and Bombardment Insurance Scheme, which contains no provision for arbitration in the event of disagreement as to the compensation payable; and while we have no desire to prejudice the negotiations upon this matter, which are understood to be pending, we may venture to observe that in many other directions the Government arrangements for "compensation" are operating with equal unfairness to a harassed public. For instance, complaints are rife in regard to the attitude of the Commissioners, who have in hand the question of damage to houses in which soldiers have been quartered, quite reasonable independent estimates being ruthlessly cut down, and the compensation finally awarded covering, in some instances, little more than half the damage actually done. A further illustration of this "sharp practice" on the part of the Government assessors comes to hand from East London, where a number of owners of cottages damaged or destroyed in the Silvertown explosion have been fobbed off, after interminable delays, with a mere fraction of the compensation to which they appear reasonably entitled, and this after a clear pledge from the Government that claims arising should be dealt with on "fair and generous" lines. To argue that in cases of this kind there is no legal right to compensation, the acceptance of liability by the State being an "act of grace," is to beg the question. The fact that the Government are so far immune from legal process should make them more, rather than less, zealous to satisfy every reasonable moral claim.

THINGS I MUST

And Things I May—My Impressions Conf

By THE EDITO

AMONGST the many letters from soldiers which my recent articles have brought me is this one: "Why are you keeping back such a lot? In our Division we all know that you know things you are not telling us. We know where you went, and with whom you talked, and what you saw. Out with it, and damn the Censor. *You know what I mean.*" My friend is right. I *do* know what he means, and I assure him that if the Censor were the only thing in the way, I would get over that difficulty somehow. As a matter of fact, I never trouble that mysterious official to read my articles before publication—my view being that if I am incapable of determining what it is proper to publish during the war, then I don't understand my job as Editor of this journal. But that attitude—unique, I believe, in the journalistic world—imposes upon me the serious responsibility of being my own Censor. Consequently, I have been constrained to hold back much that I have seen and heard. All the same, that letter rather haunts me. I don't like the idea of Tommy thinking that I am "keeping anything back." He must remember, however, that JOHN BULL is very keenly followed in Germany. Every line is scrutinised—and I have reason to believe that, since my visit to the Front, the journal has been subjected to a closer scrutiny than ever. I am bound, therefore, to exercise considerable caution in what I say.

What I Must *Not* Tell.

For instance, I should much like to tell you the date at which, and the circumstances in which, in the opinion of Sir Douglas Haig, the war will end. But to do so would clearly be giving the enemy a hint as to both the time and the nature of the further blows which are in preparation. And I have gone as near as I felt safe in going, when I said that nothing has occurred to modify the Field Marshal's confidence of a complete, *and early*, victory. For the rest, you must read between the lines; and look at those other "lines" where our boys are making mincemeat of the foe.

I should like to tell you more about the troops now being held in reserve for the final push. I have told you of Northern India tribes whom I came across on the Somme battlefield—acting as a Salvage corps; and you all know about those African Labour contingents. But when the Great News comes to hand—of how we stormed the German positions, rushed the trenches and drove the enemy headlong towards the Rhine (*always assuming he doesn't give in before then*)—well, you will hear of what certain Empire troops, now waiting eagerly for the day, did in the battle.

I should like to tell you where the British Headquarters are; of the efforts of the enemy to locate them, and of the wonderful ingenuity which is employed in defeating that object.

I should like to tell you how many American soldiers are now in training on the Western Front; how many are arriving every week—*and how many will be ready for the Lines before Christmas.*

I should like to tell you how many aeroplanes and pilots America will add to our Air Army *before Christmas.*

I should like to tell you how many U-Boats we sank, or captured, during September.

I should like to tell you how a German plot to spread mutiny in a certain Reinforcement Camp was squelched.

I should like to tell you what a German officer told me.

Aye, and I should like to tell you what the soldiers—officers and men—think and say about the Politicians; of their "Conferences" in Paris and elsewhere—their speeches; their visits; their Parliamentary debates; their predictions—or, in the words of the Trenches, their "guff" generally.

Let me quote from an English paper published in Paris. After paying a tribute to my old recruiting campaign, "which must always be recognised as a kind of miracle of patriotic activity, and amongst the most admirable incidents of the war," our Continental contemporary says: "It is perhaps doubtful if he ever lived such swift and strenuous days as those in which he has seen the horror of the battlefields, the stupendous organisation of the front and the rear and the lines of communication of our gigantic armies, and the power and the spirit of our troops and their leaders. As in the case of everyone who has been allowed to see the front at all, Mr. Bottomley will not be permitted to reveal nine-tenths of what he has seen, learned, deduced and guessed; nor, perhaps, would he reveal it even if he could. But the other tenth!" .... Well, you see I am limited to a tenth of what I have seen and learnt. The other nine-tenths I may only hint at. But I may sum up the general impressions they have left on my mind, and having done that I must leave, for the moment, the topic of my ever-to-be-remembered experiences at the Front.

Things I *May* Say.

It is now three weeks ago that I left France. Since my return I have had ample time to place everything in true perspective; and I am now able to realise, better than I could a fortnight ago, the wonderful lesson I have learnt. I quote once more from a French paper—because these things help me to understand what a splendid education I have had: "Few Editors, even in these days, have gone through the ordeal of being sniped at. Mr. Bottomley now knows what it feels like—for he and his guides were deliberately, but vainly, fired on by the Huns." That, you see, is one of the things I *may* say—for it has appeared in more than one Continental journal, and is based upon reports from their own correspondents at the Front. If you haven't read it in our own press—well, that is another story. What, then, to summarise my impressions, is the result of my visit?

The war is won. I told you that in my first article. Has anything happened since to qualify the statement? Has the enemy gained an inch of ground? Has he captured a single gun? Has Haig had one reverse? Has anything gone wrong with his plans? Do you

ST NOT TELL!

Confirmed—Congratulations to Tommy.

DITOR.

remember that declaration by the Kaiser, two months ago: "The offensive in the West has definitely collapsed"? *It is only just beginning*—AND NOTHING CAN STOP IT. "We've got them beat," says every Tommy at the Front—and who cares what anybody else says?

The end is in sight. That is my second lesson. You may talk about the coming bad weather and all the rest of it—but I put those words down in cold and deliberate print. Do you notice how the cutest of politicians are trimming? I have just been reading Mr. Churchill's speech at the Aldwych Club, and I notice this phrase: "We cannot tell how hard pressed our enemies may be, *or how thin may be the partition which separates them at the moment from utter collapse.*" Well, I beg to assure my Right Hon. friend that that point has been reached—the thin partition is about to fall; "utter collapse" is imminent. But why on earth will ministers "trim" in this way? *Didn't Mr. Churchill see Haig?* And hasn't he since read the speech of General Smuts, and its declaration that "the manhood of Germany is bleeding to death," and that "before we reached the Rhine, Germany will have sued for peace"? I have been telling you this for months; and now, after what I have seen, I tell it you again.

The Submarine danger is mastered. That's a big thing to say, isn't it? But it is true. Let the Government tell you how many U-Boats we sank, or captured, last week. Even Mr. Churchill has to admit that "the second great German submarine campaign against these islands has been checked and even repulsed." And remember, as I say, ministers, in the language of billiards, are always "playing for safety."

The Air danger, too, is nearly over. Apart from our wonderfully improved defences (for which we are indebted to Lord French), the policy of Reprisals—"reluctant" and belated as it is—will soon put an end to the Hun aerial visitors.

In a sentence, all is well.

My Impressions Confirmed.

Well, I came back, as I said in my first article, with absolute confidence in speedy victory. It was not *my* opinion—it was the view of G.H.Q. and of Tommy in the Trenches—and that was good enough for me. Knowing what they knew, I told you that the "war was won"—that Germany was "whacked in the West." Was I right? If you have any doubt, ask General Smuts. You remember my story of that artillery salvo into a wood and our waiting for the reply of the enemy, which never came—because they couldn't afford to use the shells. And all the news that has come from the Front—the glorious news from the Front—in the last few days has confirmed what was told me and what I saw. Our men have waited for the counter-attacks which have never come. I don't say it is all over yet "bar the shouting"—but I would advise everyone to clear his throat and get ready. The enemy is done. He has put his best troops—and some of them have proved to be very tough men, who have earned the admiration of our own fine fellows—into the firing-line. He has exerted every effort; he has used his wonderful military organisation—it is not now so wonderful as ours—to its fullest extent; he has made the Herculean attempts born of desperation, to keep back the on-flowing tide of Allied victory. And he has failed again, as he will fail and fail, until we have blasted him out of France and Belgium, and he runs whining to the Rhine—unless, as General Smuts predicts, he sues for peace before then. Then, if my confidence in the sure and speedy end of all this blood and mud was justified, it means my opinion of splendid Haig was well founded.

Congratulations To Tommy.

And I am happy to see that it has been confirmed in another important matter—justice to Tommy. You remember I told you that when I was at G.H.Q. I conferred with Sir Douglas on Tommy's grievances, I speedily realised how big is the heart of the Commander-in-Chief, and how real his sympathy for the man who bears the heat and burden of the day. and one of the first things I did on my return was to have a talk with Lord Derby on the same subject. Performance has followed upon promise. I am delighted that my demand, made many months ago, for a clear 1s. 2d. a day for the soldier has been granted. This is what I wrote last May: "One of the things which are uppermost in my mind is to secure to the soldier his full pay without any deduction, leaving a country that should be grateful to the bounds of generosity to support his dependents, be they wife, child or mother—or all three—so long as he wears the King's uniform and is compelled to devote all his energies to the task of killing the Hun." And again: "I shall not be satisfied until the soldier's beggarly 1s. 2d. a day—contrast that with the war workers at home who run no imminent danger, and with the generous and sloppy treatment of the Conscientious Objector—is given him free and clear for his own use." Well, at last he has got it, and with it the removal of those stoppages when in hospital—another grievance about which I have shouted at the top of my editorial voice. If I had been in any doubt as to what the boys felt and said about all these things, they would have been removed by my confidential and cheery chats with them at the Front. They have felt very keenly the smallness of their pay, compared not only with their gallant Colonial pals, with their 6s. a day, but contrasted with the much higher wages paid to men who are never or rarely under fire or in real peril. But while they groused—and with good reason—they were full of cheery optimism; that, I suppose, is why we got on so well together. And one of the things I can say, and must repeat, is that I have come back with such a love for Tommy and all his ways that I feel he is my own brother. When I left him he was joyously confident—and every item of news which comes to us from the Front justifies that spirit. And I am with him all the way. There is no trimming about me. I am a Smuts man—the war is won; the victory is ours; Germany will soon be suing for peace. In the name of God, I implore you to see that it is a People's, and not a Politician's, peace.

A QUEER QUIBBLE.

"DREADNOUGHT" INSURERS SHY AT A STRAW.

Rounding a sharp corner with more speed than skill, a motor-cyclist collided with a verandah post at the Bell Inn, Denver, the "damage" amounting to 12s. 6d. A bill for the repairs, amounting exactly to this sum, was sent to the motorist, who as he was insured with the British Dreadnought Underwriters, Limited, of 14, Cornhill, E.C., doubtless thought that all responsibility in the matter could safely rest with them. Understanding that the Dreadnought Motor Policies were "subscribed by Lloyd's Underwriters only," the claimants were surprised to receive the following letter from the Managing Director of the Dreadnought Company:

> We understand that you are the owners of the Bell Inn, Denver . . . which as you will doubtless recollect was damaged to a very small extent by a car (*sic.*) belonging to Mr. ——who is insured with us. We have before us an account amounting to 12s. 6d. for repairs, but seeing that the matter is such a small one, we shall be glad to hear whether you are prepared, without prejudice, to accept half this amount in settlement.

That the smallness of a claim should be made an excuse for evading it was a piece of logic that the owners of the Bell Inn were in no mood to respect. Moreover, the attitude of the underwriters was an embarrassment to the insured motorist, who ultimately found himself in the Downham Market County Court, with no alternative but to settle the account of 12s. 6d., together with the costs. However, we venture to hope that the Dreadnought Company may, before now, have indemnified their client—there being, as far as we can see, no circumstance to justify their curious action.

EXEMPTED MAN'S HARVEST.

THE WAY WAR WORK IS WANGLED SOMETIMES.

Sometimes a man secures exemption for business reasons, on condition that he undertakes work of national importance. That is good, if good; it is not always so. A tradesman, in Staffordshire, is exempt on the condition specified; he must work three days weekly in a colliery. The labourers there are returned soldiers with fighting records. Their pay is 6s. daily; hours 6 a.m. to 5 p.m. The tradesman has easier work, and his pay is 6s. 10d. for eight hours. But he works the full time, the same as the others, and it is counted to him as a day-and-a-half—9s. 10d., as against their 6s. They, the ex-soldiers, are not given Sunday work, but the privilege is permitted to the exempt, who gets a day's wage every Sunday for putting in an appearance from 7 a.m. to 12.30 p.m. only. He can, as a plain fact, make 9½ days per week, while his wife carries on his business in his shop. The case is by no means exceptional, for we believe very many are exploiting their conditions of exemption in this money-grabbing way. The work they do is by no means "indispensable," and they are pocketing much more cash than men who have done their bit and who are working much harder.

A WARNING TO WOMEN.

METHODS OF A NEW MATRIMONIAL AGENCY.

An ingenious variety of the matrimonial agency stunt is presented by Mr. Alexander Thompson, Proprietor of "A. J. Tickle and Co.," Business and Estate Brokers, of 72, Market Street, Manchester. Taking advantage of the warm relations now subsisting between this country and the United States, Mr. Thompson has established an "Anglo-American Introductory Association" which, while "not a matrimonial agency in the generally accepted sense of that term," is yet prepared to do the needful for English women seeking American husbands, and for American gentlemen looking for English wives. "In a word," says Mr. Thompson, "I can place at least one thousand good women in matrimonial correspondence with men, suitable to every age, rank, and social position." Naturally this sort of thing costs money, and any lady who gets into touch with Mr. Thompson—the "Association" has no dealings with men on this side of the Atlantic—will very soon be invited to contribute to the cost. "The limit is £2," an applicant was informed, "and that includes all the necessary correspondence." Thus, you pay your money and take your chance, there being obviously no possibility of personal intercourse, most of Mr. Thompson's clients apparently being domiciled in the Middle West. It might be said that women listening to such a proposition deserved little sympathy, were it not that the consequences of such desultory unions are sometimes too shocking for words.

A BAD DEBT.

SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE.

"Having had four sons with the Colours, fighting for their King and Country, I think it a great shame to receive a letter like this." So writes a Staffordshire reader, the trouble apparently being that our good friend is in debt—to the extent of sixpence. The sixpence, it seems, is the last lingering trace of a liability of 8s. 10d. "which would not have been owing," our correspondent explains, "if my sons had been slackers and stayed at home till they were fetched." However, there was the debt and no money to pay it, the upshot of the matter being a summons under the Courts (Emergency Powers) Act and the receipt of the following letter from Messrs. Barnfield and Marshall, a firm of Walsall accountants:—

> Upon reference to our books we find there is still a balance of 6d. owing by you . . . being the fee paid on the issue of the Courts (Emergency Powers) Application.

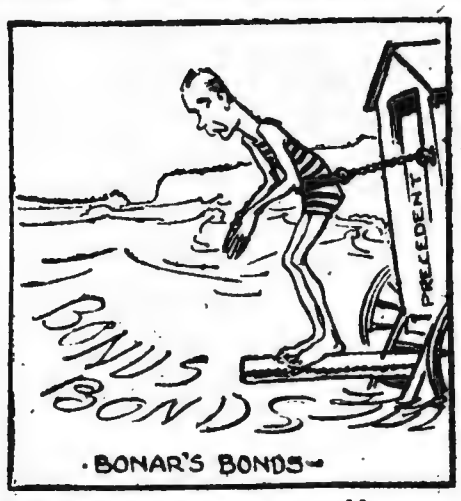
The rest of the letter deserves a place by itself:—

> Unless this amount is paid into Court by noon on Monday next, the Solicitor to the Offices will be instructed to issue a Warrant of Commitment against you for the recovery of the amount without further notice.

Surely Barnfield and Marshall cannot have known that the debtor had had four sons in the Army, two disabled and discharged, or they would have written off that sixpence.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

Their thanks unstinted they extend
To David L., the fighters' friend;
But surely there is something more
For heroes who have won the war?



Who hesitates is lost, we're told,
And lost has been much needed gold;
Although three years have passed away,
P'rhaps we'll have enterprise some day.

One good "turn," there is no doubt,
Deserves another meted out;
So thinks George R., a friend in need—
The better day, the better deed!

BANISH YOUR GREY HAIR.

NOTICE TO GREY-HAIRED MEN AND WOMEN.

Free Distribution of 1,000,000 "Astol" Outfits.

Discovery that Restores Lost Natural Colour to the Hair.

Public Invitation to Write To-day for Free Trial Outfit, containing :—

1. A Free Bottle of "ASTOL," the new scientific preparation that literally forces the natural colouring cells of the hair to new healthy activity.

2. A Packet of "Cremex" Shampoo Powder, the splendid hair and scalp cleanser, which prepares the hair for the application of "ASTOL."

3. A Copy of the famous Instruction Book, "Good News for the Grey-Haired," in the pages of which the use of "ASTOL" is clearly explained, so that you have no trouble, difficulty, or doubt as to exactly how to use the Free Test Supply.

THE above Gift is yours to-day merely for the asking. It is a valuable "Back-to-Youth" present for all who are Grey-Haired already or just beginning to go grey. It makes you look years younger, and enhances your prospects of success in all walks of life.

No matter from whatever cause the greyness may arise, "Astol" will quickly and permanently banish it. The proprietors possess thousands of grateful letters bearing testimony to this, but for obvious reasons it would be a distinct breach of confidence and etiquette to publish any such letters. The "Astol" treatment for grey hair can be carried out without any other person being aware of the fact. Guard yourself against the ageing appearance of grey hair by the daily use of "Astol" and its invaluable companion, "Cremex" shampoo.

Although a comparatively new discovery, "Astol" is already known to and has been used by millions of grey-haired men and women. Its immediate success is due to various causes.

(1) "Astol" is the discovery of the well-known London hair specialist, who introduced the now world-famed "Harlene Hair-Drill," in itself a powerful recommendation and guarantee.

(2) It is neither a dye nor a stain, both of which are rightly held in abhorrence by every man and woman of refined and sensitive temperament. Dyes and stains are messy and ineffective, and their use is easily detected.

FREE TO THE GREY-HAIRED

No one need hesitate about using "Astol." It does not colour the hair; it makes the hair re-grow its own natural colour. You can put it to the test yourself without expense. Cut out and post the Free Gift Coupon to-day, enclosing only 3d. stamps for postage and packing of the Free Parcel.

(3) It is physiological in its action, and does not merely PAINT the hair shaft. It has a powerful action on enfeebled and atrophied colouring cells, and restores their youthful vigour and healthy functional activity.

(4) "Astol" is itself an absolutely clear and colourless liquid, supplied in dainty bottles. It does not give temporarily a FALSE colour to the hair, but brings back its NATURAL colour and lustre.

HOW GREY HAIR HANDICAPS.

These are very real and potent reasons for the triumph of "Astol" over old-fashioned and "messy" stains, dyes, and tints, and must at once make a strong appeal to every intelligent man and woman.

No man or woman can see their hair going grey without a pang. The appearance of grey hair too often sounds the death-knell of many hopes, aspirations, and ambitions. Whether it arise from shock, sickness, fright, anxiety, or the natural passing of the years, it is a cause for regret, and in these strenuous, modern days may almost be said to carry a stigma. At any rate, it is often a bar to social, professional, and commercial success.

If you are troubled with any of these signs :—

PATCHY GREYNESS,
WHITE HAIR,
STREAKY GREYNESS,
GREYNESS OVER THE EARS,
TEMPLE GREYNESS,
LONG-STANDING GREYNESS,

lose no time in sending for your Trial Supply of "Astol," now offered free to all readers of "John Bull."

APPLY FOR FREE TRIAL OUTFIT.

The treatment only takes up about two minutes a day. A "Cremex" shampoo is deliciously refreshing and invigorating. It cleanses the scalp, and is very soothing to a tired-brain or nerves. "Astol" hustles languid, weak, and inactive colouring cells into healthy activity once more. In the less severe cases you can SEE the grey hair disappearing almost daily. In more obstinate cases the same result is accomplished, but more slowly.

Try "Astol" for yourself. Test it free by accepting one of these Free Trial Outfits, All you have to do is to cut out the Coupon below and post it (with 3 penny stamps for postage and packing of parcel).

After you have once seen for yourself the effect of "Astol," you can obtain further supplies from any chemist the world over at 3s. and 5s. per bottle; "Cremex," 1s. 1½d. per box of seven packets (single packets 2d. each), or direct post free on remittance from Edwards' Harlene, Ltd., 20, 22, 24, and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C. 1. Carriage extra on foreign orders. Cheques and P.O.'s should be crossed.

FREE GIFT "ASTOL" COUPON.

Cut out and post to EDWARDS' HARLENE, Ltd.,
20, 22, 24, 26, Lamb's Conduit St., London, W.C.1.

DEAR SIRS—Please send me a Free Trial Supply of "Astol" and packet of "Cremex" Shampoo Powder, with full instructions as announced in "John Bull." I enclose 3d. stamps for postage and packing.

NOTE TO READER.

Write your full name and address clearly on a piece of paper, pin this Coupon to it, and post as directed above.

John Bull. 13/10/17.

Don't miss our Advertisement Guarantee on page 1.

Made at Hammersmith

OSRAM

G.E.C.
DRAWN WIRE
LAMPS

Exclusively the Product of

BRITISH LABOUR
BRITISH MATERIALS
BRITISH CAPITAL

Made at the Osram-Robertson Lamp Works Hammersmith. W.

Scientific Aid in the Prevention of Disease.

Bacteriologists have been wonderfully successful in late years in discovering and isolating for observation purposes the various micro-organisms which are responsible for disease.

They have found that the microbes which cause trouble in the throat and lungs are best met and defeated at the point of entry—the throat.

And they recommend that when danger threatens in cold and wet weather or whenever the vitality is lowered, ill effects from germ attacks may be prevented by the subjects taking

The Bacillus Influenzæ which is responsible for all cases of Influenza. From an actual micro-photograph of the germs taken at our Runcorn Bacteriological Laboratories.

The Micrococcus Catarrhalis which is found even in perfectly healthy throats. These tiny enemies only await a favourable opportunity to attack when the throat is weakened or inflamed.

EVANS' *Pastilles*

The effective precautionary measure against the microbes of Influenza, Catarrh, Diphtheria, Pneumonia, etc.

The unique antiseptic properties possessed by Evans' Pastilles strengthen the vocal cords, allay and prevent irritation of the throat, and loosen any mucous secretion which may be present.

TRENCH ODOURS. Evans' Pastilles are splendid for preventing the unpleasant effects resulting from trench odours, and they are invaluable for service conditions. Send a tin to the Front.

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores, or Post Free from the makers, **1/3** per tin.

EVANS SONS LESCHER & WEBB Ltd.
56, Hanover Street, Liverpool.

Old customs vanish with the forgotten years but

"ERASMIC"
SHAVING STICK

is with us always.

Price 1/-

"ERASMIC" Perfumers, LONDON & PARIS.

The Picture of Health

HER MOTHER SAYS:—

"I thought you might like to see my little girl's photo. She is just three years old. Since she was a baby of four months I have given her Steedman's Powders; and I always found them not only cooling, but cleansing and refreshing. I used to give them on the same day each week, and if I happened to miss, she was cross and fretful. She cut all her teeth without my knowing, thanks to those priceless powders."

See "John Bull's" Advertisement Guarantee on page 3

A HARD CASE INDEED.

A TALE OF TRAGEDY AND ILL-FORTUNE.

A striking instance of family trouble comes from Birmingham. There have been two tragedies in the life of the mother, who has brought up seven children. Five are now left, and they, with her, have been entirely supported by a son, aged 35. Birmingham Tribunal, knowing all the tragic facts, exempted him on condition that he took national work. Accordingly, he labours on munitions at night, and sees to his shop by day. The Central Appeal Tribunal in London has, however, withdrawn his exemption, without permitting him to speak on his own behalf. He is not robust enough to make a good soldier, and it seems like persecution to force him into the Army and so pave the way for one more tragedy in the lifetime of a woman already hard hit by the blows of Fate. Should the Appeal Tribunal abide by its present decision, we think the Home Secretary, if in possession of all the heartrending facts, would not hesitate to prevent this last calamity. To obviate the repetition of such distressing cases we suggest that the members of the appellate body should take a lesson from their fair-minded colleagues of the Westminster Tribunal.

A BASELESS CHARGE.

TRAVESTY OF JUSTICE AT CROYDON.

Recent criticisms—and they have been neither few nor feeble—of the Croydon Justices have very largely turned upon the behaviour of their Clerk, who appears to be suffering from an aggravated form of "swelled head." To this gentleman belongs the chief responsibility for a disgraceful episode at the Borough Children's Court, which has excited much local comment. An unruly boy, having been charged with damaging plants at the Queen's Road Cemetery, his mother was summoned, in the terms of the Children Act, to "show cause" why she should not pay any fine which the Bench might think fit to impose. Claiming that she had done her best during the father's absence in the Army, the woman was peremptorily challenged by the Clerk. "Ever got drunk?" queried his Serene Impudence—the reply being a strenuous denial, and a very reasonable and proper request for particulars of the odious charge. However, nothing of the kind was forthcoming, beyond a vague statement by a Croydon policeman that the defendant had been "seen drunk about a year ago." This grossly unfair suggestion, devoid of the least corroboration and opposed to every rule of evidence, was accepted by the Bench without a word of protest, the suspicion thus created resulting in a fine of 20s., which, with five young children on her hands, the unhappy mother could ill afford. Meanwhile, the woman's heated demand for some evidence of the year-old charge against her, or at least for particulars of time and place, was blandly ignored. Evidently the "evil communications" of their legal adviser have "corrupted the good manners" of the Croydon Bench.

COASTGUARDS' BAD TREATMENT

MEAGRE WAGE FOR WORTHY WORKERS.

What is the name of the amazing official economist who is being allowed to run amok among the coastguards—a class of men who are doing their ceaseless, responsible work in the darkest nights and the loneliest places? If the case of one of them who has put a written statement before us is typical, it is scandalous. "I have been sent here from a post where my pay was 25s. weekly, and my wife got 10s. weekly family allowance besides," says he. "My pay here was at first altered to 21s. a week, 10s. family allowance, and 2s. a day to keep myself. A month ago, however, they sent round to all coastguard stations to say we must either give up the family allowance or the 14s., so, of course, I gave up the family allowance, as that was the smallest, and you can see what a big drop 10s. is when one has to keep two homes going. I get 14s. and my wife 21s. all told, and I have been in the service 21 years." We will make a sporting bet with the rigid official economist who has done this thing that he hasn't reduced his own salary this war by even a farthing; indeed, even lay a shade over the odds that he is on war bonus, or free rations, or house and light and coal for next to nothing. If the expense of the Coastguards is to be cut down, let it be cut down at the top, not at the bottom.

THE TRICKS OF THE TRADE.

A "KNOWING" COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

The Emergency Committee of the Grocers' Federation in London have passed a resolution which, among other things, asked the Food Controller "to take steps to make clear to the nation that retail grocers and provision merchants are not profiteering." As an example of bunkum this would make a cat laugh. Here, of all people, is a Commercial Traveller, from Chiswick, to witness: "On account of this rascally profiteering," he moans, "I cannot make both ends meet, or scarcely bread either; and of all the profiteers the grocer is the worst. And on top of all this are the tricks of the trade. It is quite a common practice to pick out the clean and large eggs from cases of foreign eggs and ticket them as 'New Laid.' This is a downright swindle, and often means a lot to the purchasers. Then there is the jam swindle. Most grocers are selling what looks like 1-lb. and 2-lb. jars of jam which average from 3 oz. to 4 oz. short weight. If this is pointed out to the grocer he draws attention to the word 'size,' in letters nobody can see without a magnifying glass. In case he admits the swindle, he will turn on you his innocent eyes and remark that *he* doesn't fill the jars; which is quite true, but he is a party to putting the goods on the market and takes his share of the ill-gotten spoil." It is hardly necessary to say that our informant made no charge against the grocers of sanding the sugar. They never *have* any sugar.

MARVELLOUS VICTORY OVER

VARICOSE VEINS

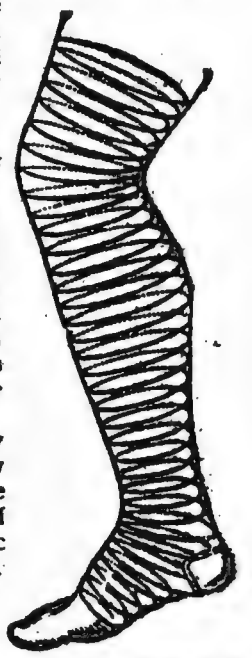
Wonderful New "Spirastic" Supports.

ELASTIC STOCKINGS, BANDAGES, &c. ENTIRELY SUPERSEDED.

Mr. D. M. Cooper, the well-known Manufacturer of Surgical Appliances, has made a marvellous discovery, which entirely revolutionises the treatment of Varicose Veins.

For the first time it is now possible for the sufferer from this most painful and dangerous ailment to go about in perfect comfort and at the same time so to strengthen the parts that a complete and permanent cure is ultimately assured.

As Mr. Cooper, the inventor, says, "Every sufferer from Varicose Veins knows only too well the clumsy and painful nature of the ordinary elastic stocking.



"Ordinary elastic stockings are made with harsh, coarse ribs at the back and sides, and these constantly pressing upon the distended blood-vessels may at any moment set up Inflammation and Ulceration, and thus cause the Varicose Veins to burst.

"Now, however, by my wonderful new 'Spirastic' method the hard, dangerous seams of the old-fashioned elastic stockings are entirely abolished, and perf comfort and support given to the limbs."

The new Mecca "Spirastic" Supports are made in the finest thread or silk and are spirally woven in one piece without seams or joins, as shown in the accompanying illustration. Fitting with the softness of a kid glove, they neither press, pinch, nor cut the limb, nor do they wrinkle or lose their elasticity. Although specially woven to the individual measurements of each customer, they cost no more than the ordinary hard-ribbed stocking, will last at least three times as long, and, moreover, are **sent on approval.**

If, therefore, you suffer from Varicose Veins, Loss of Power in the Legs, Weak Knees, Swollen Ankles, Pain when walking or standing, write at once (a post-card will do) to D. M. Cooper, Ltd., Manufacturers of Surgical Appliances (Dept. 515), 124 Holborn, London, E.C.1, for free Illustrated Booklet fully describing this wonderful invention. Mr. Cooper can be seen personally every day (except Saturday) from 11 to 1 and from 2 to 4.—(ADVT.)

RILEY'S
Home Billiards

YOU WILL BE DELIGHTED with a Riley Billiard Table in the home. No matter how small your room is, there is a Riley Table to fit it. Riley's Miniature Billiard Tables give a perfect game, so truly are they proportioned. **Seven Days' Free Trial.** Prices from £6 10s. The 6ft. 4in. size at £8 18s cash or 15 monthly payments of 10s. is suitable for most rooms. Riley's "Combine" Billiard and Dining Tables from £12 10s. cash or in 12 or 18 monthly payments. These prices include all accessories & carriage to any address within 1 mile of railway station.

Illustrated Catalogue Free.

E. J. RILEY, LTD., Manor Works, Accrington
London Showrooms, 147, Aldersgate St., E.C.

HEARD IN THE TRAIN.

CARRYING ON.

1st Married Woman: Hullo, Mrs. Clark! Fancy seeing you! How *are* you, my dear?

2nd Married Woman: Fine, thanks. How are *you*? Not quite up to the mark, I'm afraid, by the looks of you.

1st M. W.: You're right, my dear. I'm not. It's me nerves, I fancy. But you're looking in the pink.

2nd M. W.: Yes, I'm fine. Never was better. I heard from my man this morning. He's expecting leave in a few days.

1st M. W.: You're lucky. It's eighteen months since my Tom had his last, and from what he says he doesn't stand much chance of another yet. Fancy, he hasn't seen his youngest yet!

2nd M. W.: Thank God, I haven't got one. No kids in war time for me, thank you. It's hard enough to look after yourself.

1st M. W.: But you can't feel the pinch overmuch. I hear you're in good work.

2nd M. W.: Not so bad. I'm making just over two quid a week.

1st M. W.: Two quid! And then there's your ring money! And no children. W'y, you're rolling in it, my dear!

2nd M. W.: Not so bad, considering.

1st M. W.: I'm not blaming you, my dear, but it does seem hard—them that want most get least. There's me with my three youngsters hardly able to get along on my allowance, and you're free to earn a couple of pounds a week besides, and no kids to keep. And I suppose you're off to-night to enjoy yourself?

2nd M. W.: Well, I *did* think of going to a theatre. You want a change after working on munitions all day.

1st M. W.: Ah! I wonder what you'd want if you had to manage and pinch and scrape to feed three hungry youngsters three times a day, and keep them in shoe leather. They tell us children are an asset to the nation these times, but a lot of consideration they show them what do their duty by them. Childless women and young girls are earning more than it costs to keep a growing family, while conscientious mothers can't spare a minute during the day to pick up an extra sixpence.

2nd M. W.: Yes; it does seem rough. But there you are. You can't expect us what haven't no children to refuse what comes to us. By the way, the King was at our works day before yesterday. He spoke to very near every one of us, and praised us no end for our work and sticking it.

1st M. W.: Yes; there you are again. We poor mothers don't get no consideration like that. We're working our hearts out trying to bring up our youngsters decent and respectable and strong and healthy on next to nothing, prices being what they are—struggling, too, to keep our homes together against the time our men come back—but what does the King say to *us*? All the same, I think we mothers are doing our bit.

2nd M. W.: Makes you wonder whether it pays to do your duty, don't it?

1st M. W.: Well, it don't—except in your mind. It's something not to have nothing to reproach yourself about. Well, I'm getting out here, my dear. I hope you'll enjoy yourself at the theatre.

2nd M. W.; What? Leave that to me. Good-night, old girl. Keep your pecker up.

1st M. W.: Easier said than done. Good night, my dear.

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"Glasgow Herald":—

"Judge Neil . . . is on a self-imposed mission to this country to advocate the scheme of pensions to widows left with CHILDREN OF WHICH HE IS THE ORIGINATOR, AND WHICH HE HAS SUCCEEDED IN GETTING ADOPTED BY 30 LEGISLATURES IN THE UNITED STATES."

Mr. Montagu Sharpe (according to *Lloyd's Weekly News* report):—

"You are not worthy to sit upon a jury. Go AWAY! YOU WILL STAY HERE for the rest of the sessions."

"Liverpool Daily Post and Mercury":—

"Dysentery in Prussia. NEARLY 4,000 CASES A WEEK. (BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT WITH THE 'DAILY CHRONICLE.')"

"Waterford Evening Star" (advertisement):—

"For Home Comforts and Moderate Charges, When in Dublin, Stay at Mrs. ——'s. DON'T DISCARD CLOTHES."

"Crewe Chronicle" (advertisement):—

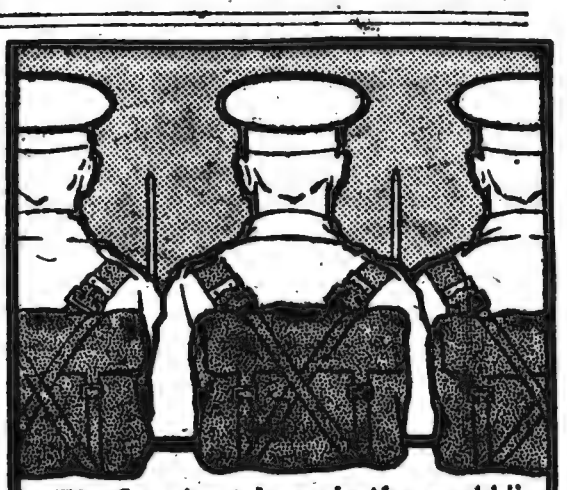
"Don't let OTHERS rob you, but COME ALONG TO US. Another eye opener next week."

"West Somerset Free Press" (advertisement):—

"Bay Mare, thoroughbred . . . wanted, by LADY, FAST, GOOD MANNERS."

"Daily Chronicle" (advertisement):—

"Eel and Pie Trade.—All-round man, MAKE AND ASSIST EELS."



"The Smartest Army in the world"

was the justly earned reputation of the old British Army which for the past quarter of a century "blanco'd" itself clean and smart.

The New Army carries on the old traditions, and the kit bag still has its

"BLANCO"

now made in 3 kinds.

WEB-BLANCO.—A special preparation for cleaning all Web Equipment.

KHAKI-BLANCO.—For cleaning Khaki coloured spats, sun helmets, buckskin belts etc. May also be used for web equipment.

"BLANCO."—*(the original kind)*—for cleaning all White equipment.

All these kinds are sold in Metal Boxes with sponge—a compact handy package. Sold also in Cakes without tins. Economical and easy to use.

WAR OFFICE APPROVAL.

Sole Manufacturers:
JOSEPH PICKERING & SONS, Ltd.
BURTON ROAD,
SHEFFIELD.

The Food Beverage for all War Workers.

Vi-Cocoa

THE CHANGE OF SEASONS.

The changing seasons bring their trials and illnesses—the system, inured to the warmth of summer, does not take kindly to the chilly days of Autumn. It becomes disorganised and feels the need of a tonic corrective that will give it new strength to bear the change.

Page Woodcock's Pills are Nature's most gentle remedy for all stomach, bowel, kidney, and liver disorders.

For over sixty years they have been recognised as the most gentle and efficient tonic laxative and have gained a reputation based solely upon results. They have cured millions, they were the sure and trusty friends of our parents and grandparents, and at all seasons and all times have proved their power to maintain perfect health.

Page Woodcock's Pills are sold by all Chemists and Stores in boxes at 1/3 and 3/-. Thousands who have used them regularly have written their grateful appreciation of the benefits derived from them, and if you are wise and follow their example, you will perforce add your testimony to their wonderful efficacy.—ADVT.

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With 1 coupon 5/-
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Postage 2d.

The JOHN BULL Safety Model Pen can be carried in any position without fear of leakage. When closed for the pocket the nib section is drawn into the ink-barrel. It is an ideal pen for travelling purposes and is usually sold at 15/-.

"JOHN BULL" PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2s. 9d. and twopenny stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull" any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. Thus, you may send 18 coupons, and P.O. for 1s. 9d. only and 2d. stamps for postage. DE LUXE MODEL 1s. EXTRA.

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(October 13th, 1917.)
P.O.s should be made payable to John Bull, Ltd., and crossed & Co.
N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

Stops Colds In a Night—Checks Influenza—Overcomes Nasal Catarrh

Veno's Lightning Cough Cure will cure an ordinary cold in a night, if taken promptly; it checks influenza at the outset, thus averting all danger of complications, while its value in nasal catarrh and bronchial troubles is beyond question. Merit has made Veno's the most popular cough remedy in the British Empire. Prove it in your own case. Chemists everywhere sell Veno's.

Prices 11½d., 1/3, and 3/- per Bottle.

An Important Point.—As Veno's Lightning Cough Cure is free from opium and narcotics, it can never induce a drug habit, as opium-containing mixtures are liable to do. Best and cheapest.

The VENO DRUG Co., Ltd., Veno Bdgs., Manchester.

Every dose of benefit.

EVERY drop of Hall's Wine is of benefit now as always—every drop an aid to health and strength. Hall's Wine, by forming rich red corpuscles in the blood, is giving new energy and vigour to many suffering from nerve strain, overwork, or war worry. In cases of convalescence it is a marvellous aid to health.

A discharged soldier writes: "I know from personal experience that as a restorative and strengthener Hall's Wine is unsurpassed—every drop means so much to me."

Hall's Wine

The Supreme Tonic Restorative

A doctor says: "Hall's Wine never fails."

GUARANTEE.—Buy a bottle to-day. If, after taking half of it, you feel no real benefit, return us the half-empty bottle, and we refund outlay.

Extra Large Size, 4/6; Smaller, 2/9.

Of all Wine Merchants, and Grocers and Chemists with Wine Licenses.

Proprs.: Stephen Smith & Co., Ltd., Bow, London, E.3.

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GOOD PIANIST

without constant 'Practising.'

No more weary grinding at 'Scales' and 'Exercises.'

My system has abolished all necessity for keyboard drudgery. It is now possible to obtain in a few months a mastery of the piano often unobtainable even after years of laborious practising for several hours daily.

Sir Frederick Bridge and other eminent musicians highly recommend and use the System. No apparatus or specially written score.

The quickest and most certain way to permanent mastery of the piano,

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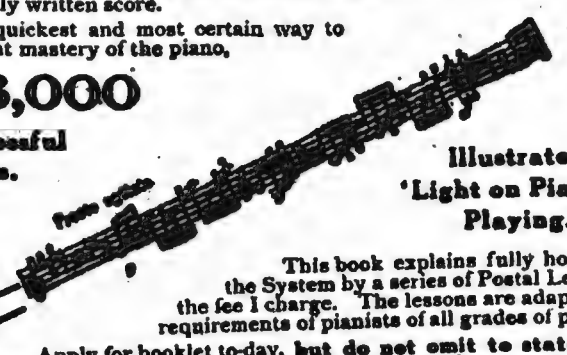
Successful Pupils.



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This book explains fully how I teach the System by a series of Postal Lessons and the fee I charge. The lessons are adapted to the requirements of pianists of all grades of proficiency.

Apply for booklet to-day, **but do not omit to state** whether average or advanced player, or, if a beginner, whether you can or cannot play at sight a simple hymn tune. Send 3d. for part war-time cost and postage.

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'From Brain to Keyboard'

MACDONALD SMITH'S SYSTEM OF PIANOFORTE PLAYING

"VITA" CIGARETTE MAKER.

Makes **26 FILTERED** or **MOUTHPIECE**, or **32** ordinary cigarettes instantly (with cigarette papers or tubes) with 1 oz. tobacco; equals 1 for 1d. Best tobacco, 4 for 1d. Filtered cigarettes prevent Germ Throats, and save 30 per cent. tobacco, as there is No waste. Any tobacco can be used. Only weighs 1 oz. Fits in Cigarette Case. LADIES can use it.

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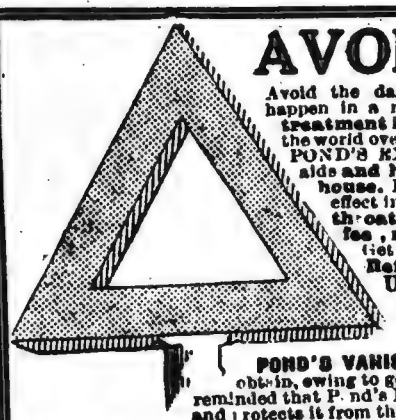
Prices: Nickel 1/3. Silverplated 1/9. Silver 5/-. Paper tubes 1,000 1/10; 500 1/-. post free. New supply in, no waiting

KNIGHT'S VITA (Dept. J.), Limehill Rd. . . bridge Wells.

Mazda
BRITISH MADE
One thing has been proved-no other lamp made saves more money in lighting. Therefore, use only Mazda
ELECTRIC LAMPS



AVOID DANGER.

Avoid the danger of being unprepared. Accidents happen in a moment, without warning, and **delayed treatment** is often most dangerous. Wise people all the world over have for more than 50 years recognised POND'S EXTRACT as the most efficient of all first aids **and have constantly kept a bottle in the house.** Its clean, soothing action quickly takes effect in all cases of **cuts, burns, bruises, sore throat, internal and external bleeding, sore feet, rheumatism, piles, varicose veins,** etc. Get a bottle to-day ready for any emergency. **Refuse all substitutes.**

Used and praised by Soldiers & Nurses.

Sold by Chemists and Stores in sealed bottles, with 24 page book of full directions, 1/3, 2/6, 5/-.

POND'S VANISHING CREAM is sometimes difficult to obtain, owing to general war conditions. Users are therefore reminded that Pond's Extract refreshes and invigorates the skin and protects it from the trying effects of sudden weather changes.

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Pond's Extract

The Old Family Doctor

Den . . . . . ss our Advertisement Guarantee on page 4.

TOMMY AND JACK.

OUR PLEDGE: "No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheesepairing, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."—Horatio Bottomley, 18th August, 1915.

Won at Last!

We have gained the objective for which we have fought so hard since the beginning of the war, and congratulate the men of the Army, and their brothers of the Fleet, on their betterment in the matter of pay and allowances. Particularly are we pleased to note the abolition of hospital stoppages made against soldiers, the disappearance of the compulsory allotment, and the increased messing allowance and free kit granted to our sailors. We want now to see those vexing deductions for barrack damages stopped. They are unfair, and there is ground for the belief that in some cases they are merely a means by which men, Commissioned and otherwise, put money into their own pockets.

About Proficiency Pay.

Proficiency Pay is now to be given to men after very short service. So far, so good; but we would welcome the cancellation of the Order which makes the grant contingent upon the approval of the Officer Commanding. If an O.C. has a grudge against a man, or batch of men, they are unlikely to get the pay, however much they may deserve it.

An Unfair Distinction.

The patients in New End Military Hospital, at Hampstead, must return to the institution from leave at 4 p.m., whereas their comrades in neighbouring hospitals are given 2½ hours more. There is room for alteration here.

Praying for the Night.

Some patients in the 1st London General Hospital tell us that they daily fervently pray for the coming of the night—the reason being the treatment they receive from one of the ladies. The Secretary might visit Ward 19, and ask the men if they have any complaints.

A Catalogue of Complaints.

Whoever has charge of the Airlie Road Discharge Centre would do well to look into the catalogue of grievances complained of by the men—not the least being that microscopic mole-hills are magnified into mountainous military crimes. We do not envy the lot of his command.

A Chance for a Reformer.

In the Great Lines at Chatham there is work for any Army reformer who wishes to put his back into it. The unfortunate soldiers tell us that their treatment is driving them mad, and one little incident occurred a few days ago which should make the local authorities feel somewhat uneasy. The cripples and invalids who are supposed to be undergoing preparation for their return to the Front are longing for the day when they will find themselves in the Front line trenches.

Poor, Poor Crocks!

We are not satisfied that the men forming an A.S.C. Co. at Canterbury are having fair play. The Officer Commanding should remember that they are more or less "crocks," who should not be compelled to lie on iron cots without mattresses while a large quantity of these comforts are stored within a few strides from the men's quarters. We must return to Canterbury and have an unofficial inspection of the unit.

Trouble at Chepstow.

We wonder what the Commanding Officer at Chepstow thought the other day, when he was summoned in haste to see how matters stood. "Dora" prevents us from going into details, and we can only hope that the C.O. will immediately look into the grievances—some of them revolting—complained of by the unit.

Is it Pigeon-holed?

Some months ago a Parliamentary Committee recommended that a Quarter-Master should be given the honorary rank of Captain after three years' service, and that of Major after thirteen years. Why has this recommendation not yet been promulgated?

Swift—and Slow.

A bluejacket of H.M.S. *Swift* was arrested by the Hyde Park Police for an alleged offence concerning his leave ticket. He was placed in a cell, where he was kept for twenty-two hours while Chatham was being communicated with. If the Police had taken the man's advice and telephoned to the Union Jack Club, or sent an orderly there, they would have discovered that he was in the right, and should not have been treated like a common Bill Sikes. As Jack himself remarks, "I have known boys of twelve to show more intelligence than the whole ——— crowd of them at Hyde Park."

Waiting for Their Money.

H.M.T. *Thunderstone* two years ago towed a large ship into Milford Haven, and the crew were given to understand that £150 salvage money had been granted for the service. They are asking us when it will be shared out.

Sir Eric, Please Note!

We wonder when the officers and men of our Transports will be granted the travelling facilities enjoyed by their mates of the vessels, actually chartered by Government, carrying troops. We cannot for the life of us see why flesh should be made of the one and fowl of the other.

Any Explanation?

The men of the R.N.A.S. at Barrow complain that they are charged for paper packets of matches, originally designed as throw-away advertisements for a firm which manufactures locks and safes. There may be some legitimate explanation; if there is, the men would like to have it.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

(Registered under the Act of 1916 as "The John Bull War Sufferers' Fund.")

This Fund affords immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are stranded for want of money. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses. Our soldiers and sailors are giving their lives for us. Will YOU please help to make less the miseries of "the little things they left behind them"?

Discharged and Destitute.

A poor fellow—awaiting pension—found himself without even the price of a night's lodging, after having tramped the boots nearly off his feet. He visited us in this pitiable condition, and we sent him away more cheerful than he came, as he has the means to provide a home and food until the authorities wake up.

Her Seventh Child.

Many are the soldiers' wives, with large families, who appeal to us to help them to provide for expected additions, and we are glad to do so when the cases are needy. By the way, besides monetary donations, baby clothes are also very acceptable.

Fever-Stricken.

A worried wife told us that her husband, after being discharged to the Reserve, is now laid up with fever. She is, of course, not admitted to see him, and is not drawing pension. We were glad to help her over the rough time.

The Doctor's Worrying Bill.

A soldier's widow appealed to us to help her pay the doctor's fee for three sick children. The poor woman had already exhausted every other means before asking for charity. We were glad she applied to us, and we made her a grateful recipient of our readers' charity.

More Sickness.

A woman was deprived of her husband's presence at a time of dire trouble, he being refused leave from the Front to see his dying child. The poor creature has only the usual allowance, which is never sufficient in cases of illness. We made her a grant from the Fund.

A Sad Leave.

One of our heroes, arriving home from the Front to spend a quiet time with his family, found a sad scene. One of his children is dying of consumption, and his wife is ill with the strain and care of the poor mite. To add to their troubles, the man's pay is in arrears. We sent them a "little bit of cheer."

She Remembered Her Friend.

The wife of a paralysed soldier had sympathy and help from us some months ago, and timidly appealed again. We did not turn her away. We cannot do much in such extreme cases, but we always manage to smooth over the particularly rough times—and did so for this poor woman once more.

The Widow's Son.

It is always pathetic to hear of the son of a widow "going West." In this case, too, the pension is extremely small, and the lonely mother has no other support. We sent assistance.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

"Won a Double" (Alloa), 10s.; "Rabbits," 2s. 6d.; F. H., 2s.; "Tsuymao," 10s.; R. J. (Battersea), 6d.; Result of Collection, Airless Resilient Wheels, Ltd., (per L. D.), 10s.; "A Scotch Friend," 12s.; "Anon.," 1s.; Mrs. S. E. J. (Coventry), 2s.; R. G., 10s.; P. W., 6d.; H. S. A. (Penzance), 30s.; N. M. (Greenock), 1s.; "Anonymous," £1; "An Old Reader" (Aberavon), 7s.; "Amesbury," 5s.; "Taxi Driver 5272," 1s.; "A Small Helper" (Grimsby), 1s.; W. J. J. Y., 2s.; W. A. (S. Shields), 5s.; "Little Johnnie," 8s.; T. W., 1s.; W. B. S. (Bristol), 10s. 6d.; C. M. (Dublin), 2s. 6d.; M. D. (Greenock), 1s. 6d.; "An H. O." (H.M.S. *Termagant*), 2s. 6d.; C. H. A. (B.E.F.), 5 francs; "Disappointed," 1s.; Mrs. A. H. O. (Hyde), 7d.; E. H., 10s.; "Gran," 1s.; "A Dragoon's Sister," 3s.; N. B. (Nottingham), 2s. 6d.; J. H. M., 1s.; J. D. B., 2s.; "Ellie," 2s. 6d.; "Sudie Semai," 1s.; "Stella," 5s.; "Arawa," 2s. 6d.; W. J. W., 2s. 6d.; "Kat's Eye," 1s.; "7421 Tapholder," 3s.; R. E. M. (Colombo), £1 8s. 4d.; "Writtle," 1s. 6d.; A. H. W., 1s. 6d.; W. H. H., £2 2s.; A. T. B. (Hastings), £5; H. H., 1s.; G. M., 1s.; A. C. (Bolsover), 2s.; "Constant Reader" (Ponders End), 2s.; "S. Ealing Reader," 6d.; A. H. T. (Richmond), 2s.; W. A., 1s.; Pte. B. W. 6d.; "Lieut. Norfolk Regiment," 1s.; E. C. (Manor Park), 5s.; W. R. S. (Sheffield), 1s.; "Alice and Bernice," 2s. 6d.; "A Soldier's Mite," 6d.; R. D. (Thornton Heath), 3s.; L. D. B., 2s.; A. H., 2s. 6d.; "Rhyl Busman's Gift," 2s. 6d.; "Auld Ayr," 2s.; "In Memory of Bruce," 2s. 6d.; "A 5s. Winner," 6d.; Mrs. E. L. H. (Faversham), 1s.; "I've Got Leave," 2s. 6d.; J. H., 6d.; "Brokley's Bet," 1s.; L. W. (Southfields), 1s.; J. J. B. (Birmingham), 2s. 6d.; A. Mcf. (Leyton), 1s.; T. A. W., 6d.; "Bullets Loser," 6d.; M. A. T., 1s.; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; "Vera and Harold," 1s.; "Florence Elizabeth," 2s. 6d.; Anon., 6d.; "293,218," 1s.; E. H. (Clapton), 3s.; K. P. (Southsea), 2s.; "Squpon" (Selkirk), 1s. 10d.; G. R. S. (Exeter), 5s.; Mrs. W. (Salisbury), 1s.; "A Supporter," 10s.; P. T. D. (Hampstead), £1 3s.; R. A. W. (Lowestoft), 1s.; Anon., 2s.; "Thankful" (Stirling), 1s.; Weekly Collection C. P. S. (Woolwich Arsenal), 12s.; "(Late) 34,185's Girl," 3s.; K. M. T. (Islington), 5s.; "A Canadian Petty Officer," 5 dollars; W. H. T. (Brixton), 1s.,

AIR RAID REPRISALS.

HAVE WE THE MACHINES TO EFFECTIVELY BOMB GERMANY?

At last the Government has apparently woke up to the fact that the only way to stop the Germans killing non-combatants in this country in air raids is to bomb them in their own lair.

The announcement that the Cabinet had the question of reprisals under consideration, and that a decision had been arrived at to take retaliatory measures, was received with a considerable amount of satisfaction in the aircraft industrial world. The only question that those in the know are asking is, "Have we sufficient aeroplanes at our command at the present time to carry out bombing expeditions in Germany, on a sufficiently large scale to effectively put a stop to further German raids in England?"

Had those in authority made up their minds twelve months ago to give "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," we would have been in a position to-day, not only to fulfil that maxim to the letter, but we should have had sufficient aeroplanes in reserve in this country to meet any number of squadrons of Gothas that might have attempted a raid in England.

It is a well-known fact that the majority of our fast aeroplanes are needed for work at the front, and only a limited number of machines of high power, fast climbing, and weight-lifting capacity, are reserved for patrol work and for the training of pilots in advance schools at home. These are the types of machines that will necessarily be required to equip our bombing squadrons, if we are to give the German a taste of his own medicine.

The authorities, and only the authorities, know when machines of this type can be spared for reprisal work. What we must do now is to prepare for the future, on a sufficiently lavish scale to enable our airmen, not only to send squadron after squadron of high-powered aeroplanes in all directions over Germany, but also that they should have an adequate reserve of smaller machines for home defence purposes. This is the point that concerns the aircraft constructor more than anything else. He knows his capacity for output. He knows that he must increase this tenfold, and he is now laying himself out to meet the Government requirements. There would be no lack of pilots when the time arrives to send these machines across the Rhine, and our airmen will have no compunction in carrying out their task. The question as to whether reprisals are justified or not does not concern them. They are first of all military officers, and their duty is to carry out the instructions of their superiors, and no one would doubt but that they will do it effectively. It is the machines that we want first of all, and it is up to the public, and to the public alone, to see that we have them. It is the public that must find the money to enable the manufacturer to build these aeroplanes. The Government are willing to place all the orders that the manufacturer can undertake, and the manufacturer will have little difficulty in finding both the men and material to carry out these orders, if he has the money to pay for both. What this new industry requires is public financial support. Ninety-nine per cent. of the Capital invested in aircraft firms has been supplied privately. Neither the financier nor the man in the street has, as yet, come to the aid of the aircraft constructor.

The present output of the aircraft manufacturers is a long way short of the military demands. We are turning out machines every day and every night as fast as we possibly can, with our present resources, but we must increase this output by doubling, trebling, and even by the tenfold and the hundredfold.

It was an old and a true cry some years ago that "England must build two ships to every one of Germany." It is more to the point to-day to say that England must build ten aeroplanes to every one the Germans turn out. It is not the easiest thing in the world for Anti-Aircraft Gunners to bring down raiding machines on a cloudy night when they are flying at, say, anything between ten and fifteen thousand feet high. Under such climatic conditions the gunners are entirely dependent upon the searchlights, and it is a powerful searchlight that will "pick up" an aeroplane travelling in the dark at over 100 miles an hour at that altitude. Given sufficient machines those responsible for the aerial defence of London and other places in this country could put up an aerial front that would bar the way to the most intrepid Hun airman. Therefore the most effective means is to build more aeroplanes.

People make a great mistake if they blame the Government, who are ready to give out orders for as many more machines as the manufacturers can produce.

As regards those concerns that have come into the industry since the beginning of the war, the majority of them had been already long established as shipbuilders, motor manufacturers, and such like, and had huge reserves of Capital at their command.

The aircraft constructor of the past and even the present has had little or no financial support from the public. It remains for the public to lend its aid *now* if England is to have that supreme command of the air that we speak so much about but do not possess.

How are we to accomplish this?

Build more, and more, and *more* aircraft.

Every *man*, *woman*, and *child* in the Kingdom can help to build an aeroplane. That does not mean that everyone can walk into an aircraft factory and work on the construction of a machine, but everyone who is interested in the development of the industry and wishes to see England lead the way in the Kingdom of the Air, can help to build an aeroplane by lending his or her spare cash to the aircraft manufacturer.

This is your opportunity to do something by investing some of your money in the Aircraft Industry.

It is an excellent idea that has prompted many institutions and town councils to invite the public to subscribe money to build machines and present them to the Government. But when that particular machine comes to grief, or is of no further use for service, that is the end of the matter as far as the subscriber is concerned.

On the other hand, where the money is invested, even if only in the single £1 shares, the man in the street has the satisfaction of knowing that his £1 will be utilised in providing our flying men, not with *one* machine, but with scores and scores of aeroplanes, for as soon as the first machine is delivered, and paid for by the authorities, that one pound is utilised again and again in building more aircraft.

In this way every thousand pounds invested in the aircraft industry *now* will mean a number of additional machines to our aerial fleet in the course of twelve months.

You have, besides, the satisfaction of knowing that, not only are you making an excellent investment, with the assurance of a dividend coming in every six months, but at the same time you are contributing directly and immediately to a means of not only bringing the war to a speedier conclusion, but also helping to build up for this country one of the greatest industries the world has ever known.

It is understood that Whitehead Aircraft (1917), Ltd., which has done so much to build up Britain's supremacy of the air, will in the course of a few days be increasing their Capital in order that they may carry out the ever-increasing contracts which they receive from the Government, and no doubt they will receive all the encouragement in this respect from the public that they deserve!

Don't miss our Advertisement Guarantee on page 1.

COMPANY NOTICES

UNION COLD STORAGE.
CONTINUED PROSPERITY.

Mr. R. P. Sing presided on Friday, September 28, at the meeting of the Union Cold Storage Company, Ltd. In moving the adoption of the report and accounts, he congratulated the shareholders on the continued prosperity of the company during the times of stress and anxiety through which the country was passing. He thought the results reflected great credit on the management of their various stores when the extraordinary increase in the cost of labour and materials was considered. Shareholders would note that after paying interest on the Debenture stock, dividends on both issues of Preference shares, and setting aside £59,459 for depreciation, they were able to write off altogether the balance of capital issue expenses account, and to reduce specific mortgages by £8,500, leaving £150,473 outstanding. After all that, there remained £75,014, from which the board recommended the payment of the usual dividend of 10 per cent. on the Ordinary shares for 1916, leaving £45,014 to be carried forward, as against £37,627 brought in. The increase of capital made in December, 1916, did not affect the accounts under review, but he was glad to be able to report that two of the steamers, in respect of which the new capital was issued, had already been launched, and would shortly be ready for service.

As to the general conditions of the business, everything was dominated by the war. They had worked under great difficulty, but the secret of their continued success lay in the fact that they specialised in the cold storage business, and made a constant study of what was necessary for the keeping in good condition of the varied and different classes of products entrusted to their care. Both the directors and the shareholders owed a great deal of gratitude to the staff in all departments.

Mr. T. B. Horsfield seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously.

PRINCE LINE.

The twenty-third ordinary general meeting of the Prince Line, Ltd., was held at the Station Hotel, Newcastle-on-Tyne, on Saturday, the 29th Sept., the Right Hon. Lord Furness (the Chairman of the company) presiding.

The Chairman, in moving the adoption of the report and accounts, said: I do not think that the accounts call for any detailed comment. They are self explanatory. The profit for the year, after making the necessary provisions for taxation, etc., amounts to £430,816 15s. 4d., as against £495,328 7s. 8d. last year, which you will notice shows a difference of some £64,500. There are, of course, several factors which have contributed to this decrease. In the first place, the increase from 60 per cent. to 80 per cent. in the excess profits duty took effect on the 1st of January this year, consequently six months of the company's trading to 30th June is subject to the increased taxation. In the second place, those of you who are conversant with shipping matters will know that the Government scheme for liner requisition came into force in March last, so that our steamers have from time to time automatically come under this scheme during the last three months of the financial year, with a consequent reduction in earnings. Further, there are the heavy and increasing working expenses, cost of upkeep and war risk insurances, the latter falling particularly heavily upon us, as we are compelled by our line requirements to insure to the full cost of replacement. You will notice from the accounts that we propose to pay the same dividend as last year—namely, 30 per cent. An interim dividend of 5 per cent. was distributed in March last, and a final dividend of 25 per cent. will be posted to the shareholders within the next few days.

Mr. F. W. Lewis, in seconding the motion, said: "The Chairman's remarks, coupled with the directors' report, have dealt fully with the accounts for the past year, and I do not think it is necessary for me to add anything thereto, but I cannot let pass this opportunity of expressing the pleasure which it gives me to address as a director the shareholders of a company which has for many years held such a high place in shipping circles as the Prince Line, Ltd. I congratulate you upon the position which your company has attained—undoubtedly the result of much studious care by your late managing director—and I congratulate myself upon being associated with you."

The motion was carried by acclamation, and, the Chairman having suitably responded, the meeting terminated.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only should be forwarded in the first instance.*
LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 93, Long Acre, W.C. 2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL *and* SPORTING *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and except in the case of the last named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. Full names and addresses should be given.*

C. M. (Wick).—So you think last week's article was our "masterpiece." Between ourselves, next week's will be some screed too.

M. F. (E.C. 1).—We have always advocated reprisals to the full extent of means and opportunity.

A. T. (Peckham) asks whether we don't think it is time the Victoria Cross was of more face value. Certainly not. Gold studded with diamonds could not make it more precious.

P. E. (West Hampstead).—As you say, "Horatio" is probably of foreign (Lat.) origin; but Latin or otherwise, a front name good enough for Nelson, Kitchener, and Hamlet's friend is good enough for us.

M. L. B. D. (Marylebone).—"In the event of losing the war, should I lose all the money I have invested in War Loan?" Never in your life. Besides, we aren't going to lose the war. It's won.

MRS. M. (Wimbledon).—"Beef (legs, &c.) 1s.; beef (shoulders, &c.) 6d.; bullocks' heads, 1s. each; suet, 2d. per lb.; mutton, 8d." No, lady; not London prices. But the prices accepted on tender by the Tavistock Guardians. Lucky dogs, they!

G. H. C. (Catford).—As a matter of fact, we are comfortably assured of "the Divine blessing" in our efforts "to right Tommy's wrongs." So don't let that worry you.

M. J. (Hounslow).—Get out of the street, anyway. Shrapnel has a bad habit of attacking those whom it defends.

H. D. P. (Rotherham).—*Of course* the wounded Tommies cheered the song, "If I were Horatio"—bless them! And we like that story of the witness being told to "Kiss the Book" and being handed J.B.—although it is called the Soldiers' Bible.

W. C. B. (Southend).—You are correct in assuming that "the higher authorities read our paper." Where else do you think they collect their bright ideas?

"WELSH GIRL" (London W.).—Why should we laugh at your "simple letter"? Only pretentiousness and humbug provoke our scorn.

"A SOLDIER'S WIFE."—You are surely not ignorant of the fact that many of the "heads of the country" have suffered cruel bereavement through the war.

I. P. S. (Jersey).—So you think we ought to "apologise to the Devil." Anyway, it costs no thing to be polite—and you never know!

W. G. E. (Bourton-on-the-Water).—To judge by your letter, some of "the Water" seems to have got on to the gentleman's brain.

CAPT. S. A. O. (Exmouth).—Your letter is a trifle impertinent, but probably you're quite a nice lad when one gets to know you. So here's your health.

"POOR WIFE" (Hoxton).—"Better a dinner of herbs where love is than a stalled ox and hatred therewith."

"SCOTCH COAL."—"One family in Hyde Park Square has just stocked forty tons of coal." They ought to be burned.

AMY W. (Flood Cross).—"I thought most likely you would spare a few minutes to read the enclosed dreams." Not likely; they might give us nightmare.

R. E. M. (Harrogate).—So the Co-operative Society's coal yard foreman said, "You read JOHN BULL until you are as daft as Bottomley himself"! We must get the Income Tax put on that Society's profits!

L. B. (Victoria Park).—"When Sir H. Rider Haggard says farmers are the backbone of the country, he is thinking of their stiff prices." You *have* got a neck.

P. F. (Bradford).—"We know too well that half of the population of Bradford are German." And when we read your name, and find you writing "origen," "unpetriotic," and "Britisch," we wonder what the deuce *you* are.

ARTHUR WATTS (Tottenham) asks us to say that he has no knowledge of the James Watts (also of Tottenham) pilloried by us for cruelty to a dog.

"LIVERPUDLIAN."—Ninety-seven boxes of bacon rotting in a Liverpool warehouse? Exactly. It would not do to put too much on the market. It might bring the price down.

W. A. S. (Hangchow).—It makes us sick to hear of the hundreds of able-bodied young English missionaries wasting their energy and good British money in trying to convert the Chinese, when they might be giving Hell's delight to the Heathen Huns.

"HERTFORD."—No genuine claim under our free War Insurance scheme has ever been made without being promptly met.

H. G. W. (Llandudno).—Flour sold wholesale costs more used for dog biscuits than for bread; therefore it is cheaper to feed animals on bread.

P. S. T. (Tower Bridge).—When you talk of Germhun aeroplanes laying London in ashes you make us go all over gooscy. Cheer up a bit. Fortitude and patience will eventually come into their own.

"ANTHONY" (London).—All right; if you haven't time to be a volunteer or a "Special," run away home and play with the cat.

"INVICTA" (South Shields).—We have received the sheet of wrapping paper which cost you a ha'penny at the baker's. The charge is a gross imposition.

W. C. (Newcastle).—Evidently your letters have not produced much effect on the Home Secretary. Cannot suggest any alternative, however, unless you watch your opportunity and bawl at him in the street.

MISS V. and OTHERS (Peterborough).—We are told that there is no need for soldiers to be "stranded" and wandering in the streets of Peterborough, as there is a Rest Room for Sailors and Soldiers on the G.E.R. platform, and another near the G.N.R. Station, both open day and night.

"SGT." (Cork).—"I hope to give you at longest six months existence in your infamous den, Long Acre." We are sadly suspicious you are offended with us.

"INQUIRER" (Shaw).—"As the dentist gives no receipt when he draws a tooth, how does the tax-collector know his income?" Don't worry about the dentist's income if you can escape his out-come.

"AN ANZAC" (Tottenham Court Road).—"The head waiter at this hotel is an Austrian." Did you give him a tip?

"A READER" (Enfield).—"We all know that the Queen of Holland has been envious of England from her earliest childhood." And we all know that a lot of twaddle is written about foreign royalties.

"WIGAN MINES."—It is true that a cathedral "is not the only necessary requisite to constitute a city." A few pubs and picture palaces are equally essential.

"A DEVON MAID."—We hereby solemnly promise you the First Prize in our "Bullets" Competition—as soon as ever you win it.

PRIVATE E. F. (Dover).—Great Yarmouth was the first place to be shelled from the sea by the Huns, but we fancy Dover has the honour of having received the first bomb from the air. Thanks for your letter.

"CONSTANT READER" (Hartlepool).—Except upon the clearest evidence, we should not like to call a person "a bloodthirsty, impudent hell-hound." Some people are so touchy, you know.

R. G. (Folkestone).—Sorry cannot find two nice Canadian soldiers for two nice girls who are "very lively." To start with, such introductions are prohibited; spies might utilise them.

K. R. (Aberystwyth).—A "religious" paper, printed in Welsh, says we have imported "hundreds of thousands of natives" into France, and "they are dying like flies," because their work is "slavery in its worst form." And a "religious" paper, too!

J. W. A. (Bingley).—If life can be sustained on massage, without food and drink, it will be bad for the food profiteers, won't it?

PTE. A. E. B. (Fulham Hosp.).—Two of you want to thank the conductress of a tram for her kindness at Fulham Palace Road. Bless you, boys, you would only make her feel shy. She was thanking *you*; that's all.

"CONSTANT READER" (Barnard Castle).—"The parson gets £7 10s. a month for preaching at the camp, and when a soldier borrowed 2s. he had the whole battalion paraded to find the man—unsuccessfully." To him we bow twice; two bobs, in fact.

PTE. J. (R.F.).—Dropped grain in cornfields might be picked up by a vacuum machine. But so would the dirt.

"TRADER" (Elephant and Castle) and MANY OTHERS tell us that they have sold matches at fixed prices, never increased. One of them "supplies hawkers and the blind, and would not attempt profiteering." Our friends—particularly the latter—are honest men.

"CHINA ASTER" (Chorlton).—Don't you know what Pittacus said? "Every one of you hath his particular plague, and my wife is mine, and he is very happy who hath this only."

"GRATITUDE" (Hosp., Newport, Mon.).—"Good old Newport has surprised all the boys by the splendid way we are treated. Everything is free, and the ladies bring us full baskets." Glad to know Newport treats you as you deserve.

F. R. S. (Manchester) asks us to inform the populace that "butchers as a class are neither rogues nor thieves." We make no bones about it.

G. N. (Sheffield).—Please send documents.

"NEWMAN" (Battersea) sends us a water-colour sketch of a teapot, for our opinion. Nobody could mistake it for a scuttle, certainly.

W. W. (Leicester).—Yea, verily—also odds bodkins. All the grocers are tumbling over each other to get our sugar custom now.

A. J. R. (Darlington).—No mercy for any food profiteer, but we should gaol the big men before we prosecuted the little ones.

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

"TIZ" for Aching, Sore, Tired Feet.

TIZ is grand for puffed-up, tender, perspiring feet, burning corns, and chilblains.

People who are forced to stand on their feet all day know what sore, tender, perspiring, burning feet mean. They use TIZ, and TIZ cures their feet right off. It keeps feet in perfect condition. TIZ is the only remedy in the world that draws out all the poisonous exudations which puff up the feet and cause tender, sore, tired, aching feet. It instantly stops the pain in corns, hard skin and bunions. It's fine for chilblains. Ah! how comfortable your feet feel after using TIZ. You'll never limp or draw up your face in pain. Your shoes won't tighten and hurt your feet.

A box of TIZ is always welcome at the Front.

Get a 1/1½ box of TIZ now from any chemist's or stores. Just think! a whole year's foot comfort for only 1/1½.

CORK LINO

Comfort—Elegance—Durability.

Catesbys Cork Lino is noted for its beautiful appearance, extreme durability, and perfect comfort. Anyone can afford it. It is moderate in price, and we allow a discount of 2/- in the £ for cash, or you may purchase on Easy Terms. Write for free Patterns and Prices.

CATESBYS LTD.,

Dept. 19, Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1

More Bargains IN MEN'S WEAR.

If you cannot call send remittance with your order. We pay postage on all orders over £1 in value. Cash returned if goods not approved.

Men's Soft Shirts in various cloths, splendid patterns. Each	4/11
Best quality Cambric Shirts, soft or stiff fronts. Tasteful patterns, each	6/11
20 doz. Shirt Oddments to clear. Each	2/11
Real Spitalfields Ties, wide ends (no plain black). Were 5/6. Now, each ...	2/6
Pure Wool Half Hose in various dark shades. Worth 2/6. Per pair	1/6

ROBINSON & CLEAVER LTD.

101-102 CHEAPSIDE, E.C. 2, and REGENT STREET, W.1.

WE'LL BUY THAT HOUSE!

through the 'City Life' Simple System of instalment payments.

Booklet Free from F.G.L./J.B.
City Life Assurance Co., Ltd
6, Paul Street, London, E.C.

Foster Clark's

The Creamiest Custard

Cream Custard

BETTER THAN COMPLEXION POWDERS.

Grasshopper Ointment Draws from the Blood the Poisons Which Cause Pimples, Blackheads, Blotches, Redness, and Other Facial Disfigurements.

Grasshopper Ointment is less expensive than face powders, and its use affords a much better way of improving the complexion. The facial blemishes mentioned above are due to poisons in the blood. The application of Grasshopper Ointment to the skin draws out these poisons, thus removing the cause, and leaving the skin clear and pure. This being the case, we venture to strongly recommend readers who may suffer from skin troubles to ignore the so-called blood-purifiers and complexion improvers, and to try Grasshopper Ointment. If it accomplishes nothing else, it will, at least, remove the pimples, blackheads, redness, blotches, and other disfigurements.

Grasshopper's extraordinary drawing powers render it of inestimable value in treating other and more serious maladies than those alluded to. It is particularly effective in drawing out the purulent matters which produce eczema, boils, ulcers, bunions, carbuncles, bad leg, and other blood poison ailments. It has cured thousands of such cases in the past, and it will cure thousands in the future. The Ointment is also useful in treating cuts, scratches, sprains, stings, burns, and bruises, its healing and antiseptic virtues being most pronounced. Being free from any mineral, or other injurious substance, it is absolutely harmless.

Send a supply of **Grasshopper** to the lads in France or Flanders. The many applications which reach us from men on active service for samples and boxes of the Ointment show that they have urgent need of it out there. Then, when the winter returns, it will be found to be of unsurpassed value in preventing or curing Frostbites, Chilblains, and other cold weather troubles. You are urged to refuse all substitutes and imitations.

Grasshopper Ointment may be had of Boots', Taylor's Drug Co., Timothy White's, Civil Service Stores, Army and Navy Stores, Lewis and Burrows', Bishop's, Heppell's, Harrod's, Parke's, Selfridge's, and other stores and chemists at 1/3 a box, or direct, post free, from J. B. Albert, 73, Farringdon Street, E.C. 4. **Send a Penny Stamp for a FREE SAMPLE.**

2ND PRIZE £25 — 'BULLETS' FIRST PRIZE £250 — £10 3RD PRIZE

10 PRIZES OF £5	10 PRIZES OF £2:10/-	50 PRIZES OF 10/-	400 PRIZES OF 5/-	1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6	3,000 SPECIAL TARGET PRIZES

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."—First choose any of the 32 examples given below. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These examples will guide you:—Example:—Hitting The Target. Bullet:—Not Easy First Shot. Example:—Plenty To Do. Bullet:—So Tommy Thinks. Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent. Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated November 3rd. This week's "Bullets" Coupon will also be found in Everywoman's dated October 13th.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 257.

WHEN REPRISALS START	WITHOUT A DOUBT	GIVEN A MISS	IN HOT WATER
FRIGHTENS GERMANY	SHODDY SUITS	AT WHITEHALL	PLENTY TO DO
THE BRITISH BULLDOG	TAKEN FOR A SOLDIER	PLAYING THE KNAVE	HITTING THE TARGET
GETTING ON	RAINY DAYS	FATHER'S HELPING	SOLD AGAIN
BEAT OF WAR	BREAKING THE PEACE	SLACKER'S EXCUSE	FACING THE POWDER
BOTTOMLEY'S MISSION	INSURANCE AGENTS	PRETTY CHEEK	COUNTER ATTACKS
THE PLAIN TRUTH	SHARING THE SPOILS	WHAT TOMMY DESERVES	HAVING IT OUT
FALLING IN	HOWLING SWELLS	THROWING MUD	MAKES KAISER SAVAGE

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, October 18th.

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(257) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 2 coupons is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

Signed _____

Address _____

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 257. "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. Write "COMPETITION" in top left-hand corner of envelope.

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, October 18th

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(257) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 3 coupons are used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.

Signed _____

Address _____

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, October 18th.

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(257) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 3 coupons are used P.O. for 1/6 must be sent.

Signed _____

Address _____

SPECIAL RULE. In order to afford our Military and Naval Competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for **Next Week's** "Bullets" Competition **No. 258. These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before THURSDAY, OCTOBER 25th.** Please note that all coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **258** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons **MUST** be addressed "Bullets" **No. 258,** "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. 2. **Such coupons MUST NOT** contain any of the Thirty-two Examples for the present week's competition.

Next Week's Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 258.

Our Grand Fleet	Falling in Love	Upsetting Father	A Bitter Pill	Taking Husband
The Crown Prince	Butcher's Boy	Engaging New Cook	Proving Too Much	Having a Few
Wonderful Woman	The Last Drink	War Loaf	The Winning Line	There's No Telling
Fortunes of War	Her First Kiss	Hungering for Peace	Catching It Hot	Confounding the Kaiser

BULLETS RULES. 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All three coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to John Bull and crossed and Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

RESULT OF 255th 'BULLETS' COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:

Mr. G. H. DAWKINS,
2, Merches Gardens,
Grange, Cardiff.

Example:—Germany Dreads.
Bullet:—"Direction" of Our Armies.

SECOND PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. JOHN McGIBBON,
83, Durning Road,
Liverpool.

Example:—Thinking Hard.
Bullet:—Never Precedes Heroic Deeds.

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:

Mrs. S. SMITH,
62, Thirsk Road,
Clapham Common,
London, S.W. 11.

Example:—Sold Out.
Bullet:—Those Who Advertise "Widely."

TEN PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

Mr. G. A. Bell, 61, Sutton Crescent, Walsall:
Hiding The Truth—Profiteers "Depend Upon It."

Mr. G. P. Gibson, 109, Wishart St., Dennistoun, Glasgow:
Cushy Job—He's Not "Fired" Yet.

Mr. W. Livingstone, Blantyre, Salisbury Gardens, Belfast:
Germany Dreads—Truth—When "Driven Home."

Mrs. Barnes, 18, Hope Street, Primrose, Lancaster:
Rejected—"Can't Help" Their "State."

Mr. E. Handscomb, 28, Carpenters Road, Lozells, Bh'm:
Peace Traps—"Newly Laid" But "Rotten."
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

Pte. A. E. Seal, 314168, General Staff Headquarters, B.E.F., France:
Germany Dreads—Hunger's Pinch, Winter's Grip.

Mr. C. Cox, Free Library, Ilkeston, Notts.:
For The Duration—Many Seats In Parliament.

Mr. A. Moore, 19, Belvedere Rd., Taunton, Somerset:
The Kaiser Hopes—"Beginners" Will Be Excused.

Miss B. Page, 31, Wenvoe Terrace, Barry, Glam.:
Hiding The Truth—"Well" Germans Can't Poison.

Mr. G. W. Middleton, "Shorwell," Watton Rd., Swaffham, Norfolk:
Peace Traps—Prove That Germany's "Behind."

TEN PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

Gunner F. W. Dewhurst, 24, Lower Breck Rd., Liverpool:
In The Garden—Some "Dry Old Sticks."

Mr. J. M. Dobbie, 45, Bridge Street, Leith:
Very Close—Guardroom To Canteen.

Mr. J. Coote, 10, Willowbank Cres., Glasgow, W.:
Hiding The Truth—Plan Of The "House."

Mr. M. F. Ericks, 32, Blandford Mews, Baker Street, London, W.:
Peace Traps—Blasting, Not Lasting Peace.

Miss G. Jones, "Tugela," King's Ride, Camberley, Surrey:
Cushy Job—"Plenty" Looking After "One."

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Visiting Uncle—We "Unfold" Our Troubles.

Mr. S. Norton, 143, Monton Road, Eccles, Lancs:
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Can't Do Without—Until Ships Are Sunk.

Pte. J. Fleury, Royal Scots, Berwick-on-Tweed:
My Wife's Relations—Wonder Why She Married.

Mrs. Haswell, 38, Granville Sq., King's Cross Road, London, W.C. 1:
For The Duration—Tradesmen Show Their Independence.
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

Complete List of All Cash and other Prize Winners can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

3. GOT THE BLUES?
Don't worry. Vicsps, that wonderful pick-me-up for jaded nerves, will put you right. They give new strength and vigour to body and mind of all sufferers from
NERVES, NEURASTHENIA, LACK OF VITALITY, PROSTRATION, &c.
FREE. An interesting brochure upon nerve treatment, for all sufferers sending name, address and ailment, to STEPHEN MATTHEWS & Co., LTD., Dept. W.M., 20, Farringdon St., London, E.C.4.

4. GARDENING
Early Seed Potatoes,
Roses. Plants.
Bulbs. Seeds.
Guarantested Quality.
BEES, LTD., 175x, MILL ST., LIVERPOOL.

6. "Free Hints about your Baby."
Send for the "Glaxo" Baby Book Free.
"GLAXO,"
155, Gt. Portland Street, London, W. 1.

6. Sir HIRAM MAXIM'S HOME DOCTOR BOOK FREE.
Send for this concise little book, which has already enabled thousands to cure easily and quickly at home, most cases of catarrh, deafness, ear noises, bronchitis, asthma. The book and usual particulars will be sent free to all applicants on receipt of name and address. Write to the Sole Licensees.
JOHN MORGAN RICHARDS & SONS, LTD. (Dept. J.B.), 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

7. YOU SHOULD NOT MOVE WITHOUT AN "EVER-READY" ELECTRIC POCKET LAMP.
The Portable Electric Light Company, Ltd.,
120, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W. 1.

"What d'ye lack?"
Here are some very interesting small advertisements of prominent firms, who, owing to the paper shortage, have adopted this means of keeping the readers of "JOHN BULL" acquainted with their products. You are invited to ask for further particulars on the INFORMATION COUPON below, with full name and address, posting it to—
Dept. I.C. 13, "JOHN BULL," 92, Long Acre, W.C.2.

8. SAMUEL BROTHERS (The Famous Outfitters) LTD.
FREE Publications.
(8a) "Straight Tips for Subs." (For Officer Cadets.)
(8b) "Omne Tempus Raincoats." (For All.)
(8c) "The Seven Ages of Boyhood." (For Juveniles.)
LUDGATE HILL, E.C., & OXFORD CIRCUS, W.

9. Shorthand
Sloan-Duployan is the only easy system capable of high speed. The ONLY simple system used on the Official Parliamentary Reporting Staff. Send for free handbook with specimen lesson.—SLOAN-DUPLOYAN HEADQRS. DEPT 32 RAMSGATE.

10. "SWAN" PENS

11. A MONEY-EARNING BOOK FOR YOU.
If you want to earn more—to 'get on' in life—to attain real success—one of our books will help. Mention No. and letter indicating occupation desired.
11A Munition Work. 11G Mec. Engineering
11B Salesmanship. 11H Electrical do.
11C Advertising 11J Elec. Lighting, etc.
11D Motor Engnrng. 11K Wireless Telgphy
11E Industrial Chem. 11L Architecture
11F Careers for Men 11M Careers for Wom'n
I.C.S., Ltd., Kingsway, W.C.2.

12. FREE
each month an
ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE
Bright, helpful and interesting.
• • Just fits the pocket • •
Mention No. 12 on Coupon below.

14. Is it an ALL-IN Policy?
THE EAGLE & BRITISH DOMINIONS "ALL-IN" POLICY
gives you protection of your house and home against practically every insurable risk under one Policy, one Premium, one Payment. It is the last word in Domestic Insurance.
Ocean House, Old Broad St., E.C. 2.

2. 5,000
British Officers and Men (including 20 Generals) and many thousands of business men and women have benefited by a Pelman Training. Quick promotion, increased incomes, greater efficiency. Can be followed by anybody, anywhere. Recommended to his readers by the Editor of "JOHN BULL."

INFORMATION COUPON.

Address to: Dept. I.C. 13,
"JOHN BULL," 85-94, Long Acre, W.C.2.

I am interested in the Advts. numbered*_____
Please ask the firms concerned to send me further particulars as published.

*Where different booklets are offered, mention number and letter.

Name _____
Address in full _____

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and PUBLISHED IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified dates*, bearing ON THE COVER any of such numbers, we will, upon production **within seven days of publication** (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following has sent in a correct claim:—

CHARLES CRAWSHAW, 194, Montrose Villas, Stanley Road, Nuneaton. September 15th. No. 858,108.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of October 6th:—

025,400	284,648	616,314	945,470	A289,653
057,282	339,035	645,799	972,254	A316,814
081,535	382,419	687,302	984,765	A345,513
089,440	405,112	724,368	A000,554	A392,930
116,667	456,367	759,160	A047,296	A443,466
138,001	471,930	763,651	A081,993	A467,823
142,137	522,810	799,600	A082,349	A529,585
166,655	534,928	834,447	A136,550	A564,911
223,845	581,705	848,759	A164,258	A616,644
269,775	589,157	927,827	A221,291	A671,945

The A prefix indicates that it is plus a million.

The fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published Oct. 17th).

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of 'JOHN BULL' for Oct. 6, 1917, bearing on the Covers the Numbers 279,426 and A652,294. Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

JOHN BULL'S GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE.

We are giving, absolutely **FREE OF CHARGE**, an insurance against ZEPPELIN and all other AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, or BLOCKADE. Anyone can be insured, irrespective of sex or age, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person.

Remember, the Ordinary Fire and Accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

The full conditions governing this scheme will appear in JOHN BULL *from time to time.*

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any registered reader [man, woman or child] who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named.	£200
For the loss of two limbs or both eyes or one eye and a limb	£200
For the loss of one limb or one eye.	£100
For week for total temporary disablement for a period not exceeding 13 weeks.	£3
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged [whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop] or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

ORDER FORM.

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To..... Newsagent.

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

Address.....

October 13, 1917.

You must also fill in the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93 Long Acre, London, W.C.2, where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

A halfpenny stamp should be forwarded if an acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is desired.

REGISTRATION FORM.

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, W.C.2

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

.....Newsagent, of

.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee.....

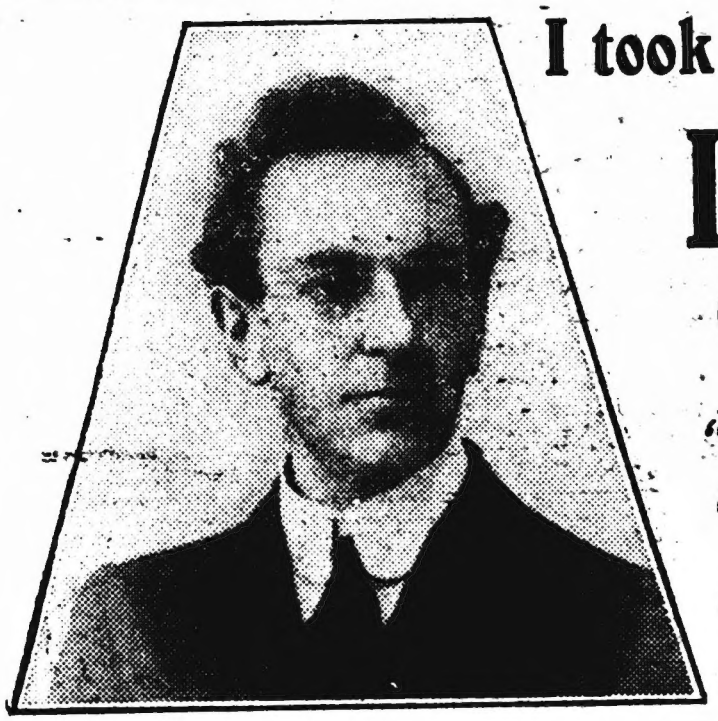
Address .....

Signature of Insured ..... [Mr., Mrs., or Miss]

Address of home .....

.....

October 1 1917.



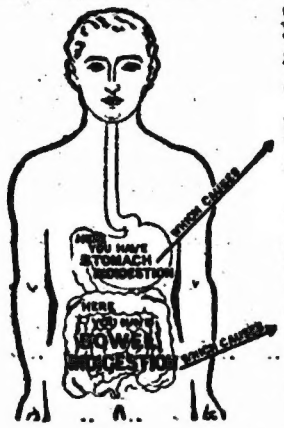
I took CICFA—the ONLY CURE for INDIGESTION (in STOMACH & BOWEL).

Soldiers can now obtain Cicfa from their Canteens.

"Now I eat whatever I desire."
"I wish all Indigestion Sufferers to know that every word I say is true."

READ THE EXPLANATION.—If you are suffering from Indigestion, whatever the cause may be, you are likely to think that a remedy which cures others may not suit your case, because you think yours is different, and your symptoms may be different; but the root causes of all cases of uncomplicated Indigestion are always the same, that is, there is not enough of the Digestive Ferments which Nature must have to digest the Albuminous food in the Stomach and also to digest the Starchy food in the Bowel.

Without these Digestive Ferments, one person will suffer with Heartburn, Wind and Gas-Rising, White-coated Tongue, Sharp Headache, Blotched Complexion, Red Nose, Flushed Face, etc., while another will suffer from Flatulence, Bilious symptoms, caused by obstructed Bile Circulation, Acidity with teeth on edge, and attacks of Gout and Rheumatism, and Constipation with all the misery which it causes; but, whether you have some or all of these symptoms, YOU CAN BE PERFECTLY CURED ONLY BY A REMEDY WHICH CONTAINS NATURE'S DIGESTIVE FERMENTS.



GASES in Stomach or Eructations.
Sharp Neuralgic HEADACHES.
A 'lump' in Stomach with Heartburn.
TONGUE coated white all over.
COMPLEXION blotchy, with Redness of Nose, Spots and Pimples.
EATING not desired.
Vomiting occasionally.
PAINS darting through chest and Burning Spot between Shoulder Blades.

GASES in Bowel or Flatulence.
Dull, Heavy HEADACHES.
ACID in the Blood, causing (a) Teeth on Edge, (b) Gout, (c) Rheumatism.
TONGUE coated yellow at back.
COMPLEXION muddy or pasty.
EATING disliked or loathed.
Biliousness and bad taste in mouth.
Pains in Bowel, Griping and Constipation with all its misery.

Without those ferments you may "happen" to get well, but with them you cannot fail to be cured, and THOSE FERMENTS ARE FOUND ONLY IN CICFA.

Mr. David realises these facts, and, having known the sufferings from Indigestion, and the joy of health, with the pleasure of eating what he pleases, he wishes all sufferers to know that Cicfa cured him, and that his words are true.

NOW READ MR. DAVID'S WORDS:

Dear Sirs,—Some time ago I wrote to you for a sample of your indigestion cure, Cicfa. The sample gave me such instant relief that I continued by purchasing the small tubes. I had been suffering from Indigestion for about 2½ years, and had tried several other remedies, but I found them all failures. Then I took Cicfa, and found it necessary to take only three or four tubes, and I was and am now able to eat whatever I desire. I think honestly that Cicfa is a most wonderful cure and deserves the highest praise. I always strongly recommend it to any of my friends that I find are afflicted with Indigestion. I really cannot find words to express my gratitude nor my pleasure at having found a remedy which really cures Indigestion as Cicfa has cured mine. I only hope that if you publish this letter those sufferers from Indigestion who read it will believe that every word I say is true, and will immediately take Cicfa, the only certain cure. Thanking you for my present health and for being able to enjoy life again.—Yours truly,
F. L. DAVID.

Cicfa has been taken up by nearly 12,000 British Doctors, many of whom have written us of the splendid results secured upon themselves and patients by Cicfa.

IN WAR TIME your mind affects your Digestion more than you realise. You know how worry often affects the Stomach, indeed, the whole alimentary tract. Nausea and even vomiting often result from anxiety. If you are worried at present (who is not worried?) your digestion is weakened, while, on the other hand, your ability to resist worry is lessened through weak digestion. Keep your digestion perfect, not by taking Purgatives, which upset it, not by Dieting, with consequent Starvation, which increases the Indigestion, but by eating liberally and regularly and taking Cicfa to perfect digestion, because Cicfa alone contains those natural Digestive Ferments which, when present in sufficient quantity, and in absolute purity, make Indigestion impossible and make Digestion perfect and certain.

WHY does INDIGESTION caused by eating bread disappear by taking CICFA?

BECAUSE CICFA ensures digestion in the Stomach of the Albuminous little fibres of the bread which hold the Starch cells, thereby releasing the Starch cells, which pass from the Stomach down into the Bowel, and

BECAUSE CICFA then ensures digestion of that Starch, leaving only the refuse to be expelled.

Travelling, visiting, or eating away from home causes Constipation. THAT IS NOT THE LIVER—IT IS BOWEL INDIGESTION. Cicfa is the only cure.

Get Cicfa from your Chemist or post free from us.

PRICES 1/3 & 3/-, or TEST IT

ABSOLUTELY FREE

Send your Name and Address and **one penny stamp for postage**, with this coupon, and receive a liberal sample of this wonderful CICFA. Only one sample to each family. No person given a second sample.

CICFA CURES INDIGESTION CONSTIPATION FLATULENCE ACIDITY

The CICFA Coy., 8a, Duke St., Manchester Sq., London, W.

"John Bull" 13/10/17

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